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SIR!

JAN. '62 60¢

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WHAT'S THE J.D. SALINGER APPEAL?

"THE CATALYST" A Great New Story by Charlie McHarry

The LURE of the NUDE IN WATER

FEMME FATALE OF THE JET SET

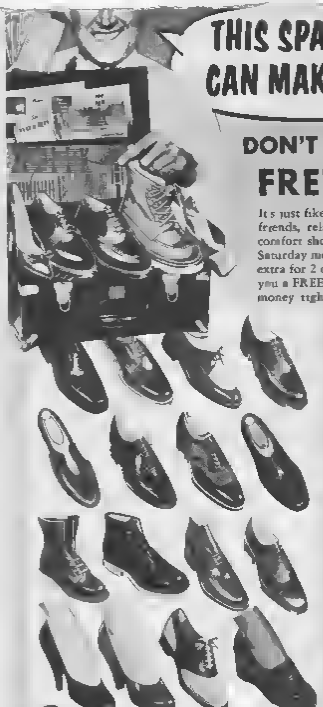
THE YOUNG ELEGANTES

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☐ **ACCORDION** Have seen friends miss out the piano accordion craze. I teach at my fully equipped studio, and pass on to you all my tricks that I use. HOWARD VAN ORDEN Eldorado Ariz N Y



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State

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SIR!

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY 1964



Vol 20 No 4

5 INSIDE SIR!

6 NEW PRODUCTS FOR MEN

8 STRICTLY G.I. NEW NAVY EXPERIMENTS MAY PROLONG YOUR LIFE 1400 YEARS! Bill Kreh

10 WHAT IS THE J.D. SALINGER APPEAL? Armand L. Boyle

14 THE CATALYST Charlie McHarry

17 MARLA EVANS A YOUNG ELEGANTE

22 JOHN CAGE: THE JUST SLIGHTLY BEAT PURVEYOR OF NOISE Brian McKeon

26 A BOTTLE OF COKE Thomas J. Marks Jr.

28 AS SIR! SAID BARBRA MAKES IT BIG! Charlie McHarry

32 MICKEY JINES TV ACTRESS AND FIGURE MODEL

38 SIR!'s JOKES FOR PLAYTIME

39 CARTOON OF THE MONTH

40 FEMME FATALE OF THE JET SET James Connolley

44 GUYS, DOLLS AND LIBIDOS

46 THE FLY IN DEATH ROW Tom Allen

49 PENNY GRAY SECRETARY WITH A PASSION FOR POSING

55 MEN AND MUD

57 THE LURE OF THE NUDE IN WATER

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INSIDE SIR!



Would be writers of fiction can bolster their egos and their intentions by learning that **THOMAS J MARKS** Jr author of "A Bottle of Coke" (page 28) suddenly finds himself a nationally published writer after more than 30 years of trying! A native son of Connecticut for the past 15 years Tom has been research associate for the Connecticut State Motor Vehicle Department his background includes factory work (soap typewriters) newspaper reporting police headquarters State Capitol and a stint as the mayor's executive secretary Irish all the way back Tom enjoys Irish jigs and reels Imperial whisky (even on payday) Ballantine ale 1926 jazz Gene Tunney Joe Louis Willie Pep Mae West W C Fields and Fats Waller

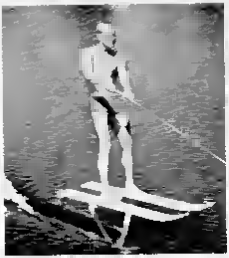


ARMAND L. BOYLE ("What Is the J D Salinger Appeal?" page 10) is a jack-of-all-trades out of Stickney Illinois Armando worked on newspapers and magazines in Michigan Georgia, Chicago and New York but is now a free lance magazine writer He likes Lenny Bruce and Senator Young of Ohio and dislikes the Rev Norman Vincent Peale and Lawrence Welk He's a collector of Broadway show music and lives with his wife Phyllis and teen aged daughters Joyce and Irene in an old brownstone in Brooklyn Heights At 43 Armand confesses to a renewed surge of Lolita urn that causes him ta look with enjoyment at his daughters tender young girl friends



From our Paris correspondent **BRIAN McKEON** comes another lively article "John Cage the Just Slightly Beat Purveyor of Noise" (page 22) Brian is head of the Paris bureau of an American news service and has been overseas since the end of World War II He's married to a French gal reporter lives in Montmartre and relaxes by painting abstracts and watching the world go by from Paris outdoor coffee-houses

Camera-shy **TOM ALLEN** ("The Fly in Death Row" page 46) gives this comprehensive rundown on himself "I'm 34 married and the father of two boys and one girl I started in the newspaper business at 15 and squeezed in college at night I have covered just about everything from dog shows to executions Last May I left the New York *Daily News* and went to Chilton Books as senior editor in non-fiction Chilton has just published my first book 'Shadows in the Sea' a comprehensive book about sharks which I co-authored with Harold W McCormick Reviews so far have been unanimously good Right now I'm working on a book on extraterrestrial life I don't have hobbies don't believe in them I just have interests in a wide field from astronomy to marine biology I read read read, write write write I visited the locale of 'The Fly in Death Row' professionally, of course I know a couple of people Up There and I don't mean the warden."



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COMPACT 3-IN-ONE SCREWDRIVER contains 3 nickel-plated hardened steel blades one ¼ inch cabinet blade one 3 16 inch Philips type blade and a ¼ inch cabinet blade 3 most needed most often used blades $1 29 ppd Compact Tools Co 136 Merriam St Bridgeport 4 Conn



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Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education

If you honestly want to get ahead . . .

Let Me Help You Master Good English

Give me 15 minutes a day, and I will help you learn to speak and write like a college graduate

You have intelligence. You have ability. You have ambition. But are you getting ahead as fast as you think you should?

Let's be frank, and maybe I can save you from years of disappointment. You sense—or else you will ever go any farther than on ability to speak and write well let us go. Each of us has something special to offer, but nobody will ever know it if we cannot express ourselves fully and easily.

Think about it. Are there words you avoid using because you're not exactly sure what they mean? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty putting your true thoughts in a letter or report?

The truth is countless numbers of intelligent adult men and women are being held back in their jobs and social lives—without knowing it—because of their English. If you are honest enough with yourself to admit these difficulties, you have already taken the first big step to success.

The next step is easy. You can *master* good English without *going back to school.* Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists—*right in their own homes.*

I can help you too if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can *do* something about getting ahead.

Don Bolander
Director, Career Institute

★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Question. *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer. People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question. *What do you mean by a "command of good English"?*

Answer. It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question. *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer. Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question. *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer. No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question. *Is this something new?*

Answer. Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the secrets of interesting conversation.

Question. *How do I know it works?*

Answer. There are thousands of letters in my files. Testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you'll send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question. *Who are some of these people?*

Answer. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method has helped business men and women, homemakers, industrial workers, clerks, secretaries . . . almost anyone you can think of.

Question. *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate using your method?*

Answer. In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day you will see quick results.

Question. *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer. I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to you. The booklet fully explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can gain a command of good English quickly and enjoyably at home. Just send a postcard or fill out and mail the coupon below.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute Dept. 316K, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

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HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH

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CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

BILL KREH'S STRICTLY G.I.

NEW NAVY EXPERIMENTS MAY PROLONG YOUR LIFE 1400 YEARS!



Bill Kreh is a military writer and WW II Navy vet.

● How would you like to live for 1400 years? Don't laugh. Some of the military's top scientific brains are talking about just such a possibility. Of course, you might not exactly call it living. It would be hibernation much the same as what bears, squirrels and some other animals go through every winter.

Why is the military concerned with such an apparently far-out project? Because it's become pretty apparent that our nation's great gains in rocketry and space travel have far outstripped the physical capabilities of man. Future space travel to distant solar systems in other galaxies will take hundreds, even thousands of years. Such a trip today, of course, is impossible. But what if a drug could be produced that would induce human hibernation?

Two Air Force surgeons recently proposed just such a thing—a buddy-buddy hibernation scheme for long-term space travel of the future.

Captains T. K. Cockett and Cecil C. Beehler, both of the School of Aerospace Medicine at Brooks Air Force Base, Texas, suggest that under their scheme, while one spaceman works, his companion would slumber in drug-induced hibernation. They would take turns between working and hibernating. This conceivably could go on for hundreds of years. The drug-induced hibernation would slow their life processes to the minimum. They would literally slumber in a state of suspended animation during their hibernation periods.

Sound farfetched? Still, the idea attracted hundreds of experts from around the world to a recent symposium on hibernation that was held by the Office of Naval Research in Washington, D.C. This meeting was concerned with one thing—to formulate a program that might lead to mastering and applying the secrets of animal hibernation to human beings.

Actually, not much is really known about this mysterious "winter sleep of certain animals. It is not physiologists agree, sleep as the term generally is understood. It is the reduction in some mysterious way of Mother Nature of the body's vital processes to the point where they barely function. It's truly a sort of "vacation from living."

Experiments have shown that a hibernating animal survives on about 100th of its normal food and oxygen. Within limits an animal in hibernation is relatively uninfluenced by radiation, sound, light and temperature. It is however, highly sensitive to touch, and can easily be aroused by shaking or slapping.

Navy scientists say there are many popular misconceptions on the subject of hibernation. It is generally believed, for example, that hibernation is associated with the onset of cold. But physiologists have proved that cold doesn't cause hibernation, nor do animals arouse from it in the spring because of greater warmth. However, cold applied to an animal about to hibernate increases the deepness of the torpor into which it will sink. However, it is not restricted to season. It can occur at any time of the year.

Hibernation is not simple sleep, says Dr. Albert R. Dawe of the Office of Naval Research. "It is so all-inclusive that body tissues actually undergo changes which can be seen and measured and can be shown to function in new ways.

It is probably closely linked with both hormonal and nervous impulses," he continues. "Changes in functions of almost all endocrine glands and nervous system can be shown to occur before the animal hibernates, while it is hibernating, and when it recovers."

Now what if such hibernation could be attained for man? The space capsule in which he would fly could be kept constantly at a low temperature, perhaps right at freezing. Food and oxygen requirements might be only 100th that of an active man.

"In hibernation man's arrest of time might be such that he could possibly exist for about twenty normal lifetimes or 1400 years," Dr. Dawe says. "Some hibernating bats apparently may live twenty times longer than non-hibernating mammals of the same body weight."

The phenomenon of hibernation has been developed by nature to enable certain animals to exist through winter under semi-Arctic conditions. Every centum animals to exist through winter under semi-Arctic conditions. Every measurable life process is profoundly slowed down. A ground squirrel's heart, for example, beats 390 times a minute in normal activity. During hibernation, however, it slows down to three beats a minute. Yet there are no bad aftereffects.

Much the same thing has already been brought about in humans during heart surgery. Patients have been greatly cooled to allow doctors to work on slowed-down organs.

So far, the Air Force reports a number of drugs create some of the desired effects of natural hibernation. However, the perfect drug or combination of drugs to induce harmless hibernation is yet to be found. But the search into the mysterious secret of Mother Nature will be stepped up. The Office of Naval Research has set up an office for hibernation information to keep in touch with developments in the field all over the world.

Who knows? Sometime in the future...

(Continued on page 65)

STARTING TO GET BALD?

take hope

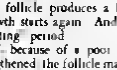
for new hair with the Brandenfels Home System!

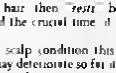
Like you... and you... and you these people were losing their hair or were actually bald. Look at them now. They used the Brandenfels Home System of Applications and Massage. Their heart warming experience offers you a wonderful incentive for action.

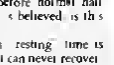
Even where you now have no hair, the roots — or follicles — may still be alive — in many cases lacking only proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

You see, medical research has shown that hair grows in cycles. The follicle produces a hair, then "rests" before normal hair growth starts again. And the crucial time it is believed is this "resting" period.

If, because of a poor scalp condition, this "resting" time is lengthened, the follicle may deteriorate so far it can never recover. So the important point is to do something NOW — before it is too late.







MICROSCOPS SHOWS MIRACLES OF HAIR REGROWTH

1. Cross section from one group of many people before the use of the Brandenfels System. Doctors say: The follicle is small, receding, the opening clogged with sebaceous gland. Identify scalp and say this layer is not vital.

2. Tracing of section made from using the successful 2 methods. Follicle now active, full strong, nutritious. Note the doctors comments that the follicle has the opening cleared, the sebaceous gland is normal, the hair shaft is strong, good color, new growth.

3. Now we have proof that hair can grow again from all degrees of baldness. The doctors say: The follicle has been restored to active condition, the opening is clear, the sebaceous gland is normal, the hair shaft is strong, good color, new growth.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME — 3 TO 4 BENEFITS

If you have (1) irritable, falling hair (2) ugly, lackluster, (3) a rapidly receding hairline or (4) any unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT. It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions right at home, without expensive office calls.

YOU OWE THIS TO YOURSELF

You owe it also to your family and to your business associates to give the Brandenfels HOME PLAN a thorough trial. While results may vary between individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions here is a real and tangible prospect of success to a substantial proportion of cases.

Brandenfels wonderful formulas are not sticky, nor odorous, and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use.

From more than 20,000 letters [CPA audit] *attesting to the benefits in the Brandenfels System* you can take heart and confidence for your case. If you or anyone in your family are losing hair rapidly, or have already become bald, SEND TODAY for a free week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Application with full directions and complete easy to follow instructions on how to use and how to follow the special massage method.

ORDER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Each set $18 [includes Federal tax postage mailing]. For U.S. or APO or FPO air shipments add $2. [total $20]. Order from Carl Brandenfels, St. Helens, Oregon, U.S.A.

Send the coupon RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember every day you wait you may make your problem more difficult. Act Now!



1. At Lesions, a local woman, one of the group participating in the successful research from which came the concentrated enlargements of follicles before and after the use of the system.

2. Only those who have lost their hair can know what it is to have hair again. Miss Bertha Hill, whose hair was gone for 8 years, says the Brandenfels Home System restored her hair.

3. Would you believe a man over 60 years of age and bald for more than 20 years could ever regain his hair? Here's proof that he did — with the Brandenfels Home Plan.

4. The young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 20 weeks with the Brandenfels System and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5. Where falling hair (roots) were still alive, hair was able to achieve very real possibility for regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System — as these pictures show.

6. Doctors who were skeptical that this little girl would regain her hair now shake their heads in wonderment at dramatic results following use of the Brandenfels System.

Mail this coupon before you misplace it.

HERE'S MORE EVIDENCE FOR HOPE

Letters, testimonials and reports are the best evidence that hair growth can be restored. Here are duplicates of just a few of the certificates. All are reproduced by permission. Names and addresses will be sent on request.

Consistent doctors and clinics have conducted tests and made reports that show that those who use the Brandenfels HOME PLAN as directed, receive a reasonable proportion of success.

In addition, licensed CPA's have audited over 25,000 letters and reports telling of hair re-

Testimonials may be seen at St. Helens, Oregon, subscription given.

Reference: St. Helens Bank, U.S. National Bank, Chamber of Commerce.

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

Please send me — [illegible] supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Application & Massage. I will pay on delivery at home.

☐ I am enclosing $18 [includes 10% of tax, postage and mailing]. Ship prepaid.

☐ I am enclosing $20 for RUSH air mail service. APO, FPO or U.S.A.

☐ C.O.D. — I agree to pay postman the $18.00 plus parcel post charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately. Postage is paid.

C.O.D. orders are compounded after express orders are received. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or [illegible] (postage regulations).

SIR14

IMPORTANT

When writing out this order please check ☑ the line to go on each of your envelopes for return.

☐ Name only

☐ Full Name

☐ Right Hobby Scalp

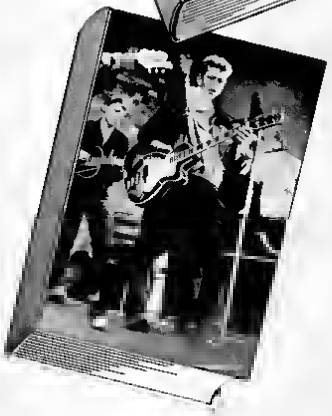
☐ Stay Baldfull Scalp

☐ All post

WHAT IS THE

By ARMAND L. BOYLE







This is only picture ever taken of J. D. Salinger for publication. His novel "Catcher in the Rye" bible of younger generation has sold over 3,000,000 so far

Critics hail him as the greatest writer since World War II. To his teen age and college cult of worshipers, he is the man who truly understands their thoughts, emotions and yearnings as they face an adult world. Yet J.D. Salinger himself lives like a recluse, refuses to grant any interviews or take any pictures—and in 25 years has produced only one novel and about 30 short stories

J.D. SALINGER APPEAL?

● We live in an age of publicity, yet our most intriguing writer has never been seen on TV or heard on the radio or granted an interview to the press.

We live in an age of social and political ferment, yet our most controversial author has had next to nothing to say about war or poverty or dictatorship.

We live in an age of sexual revolution, yet our most sensitive literary purveyor of love has never written a single seduction scene.

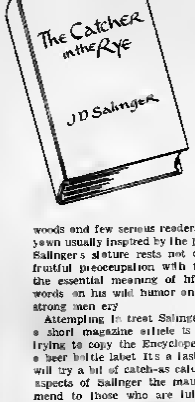
All three of the authors above are named J. D. Salinger, and the very paradoxes that surround him and his work probably have much to do with the fact that he is also the best American writer of fiction to appear since the Second World War.

Salinger's reclusiveness is legendary. He lives in a farmhouse in Cornish, New Hampshire, and does his writing in a kind of concrete hut out in the yard. Early in his career he ordered his publishers to stop using his photograph on the dust jackets of his books and to destroy all the existing prints in their possession. The last picture of him available for publication was taken ten years ago.

There are related ironies. In an age that emphasizes producing one which pushes quantity and size at the expense of quality and craftsmanship, Salinger has turned out—during a literary career of some 25 years' duration—exactly four books, each physically small but artistically enormous, and only one of them a novel.

In an age in which fiction writers and their agents start thinking about the sale of play and movie rights before putting paper in typewriter, Salinger has steadfastly resisted the eager overtures of Broadway and Hollywood producers. His wife, who screens his mail to avoid distracting him from his work, once threw out a letter from MGM offering a quarter of a million dollars for the movie rights to his novel "The Catcher in the Rye," knowing that he wouldn't consider the proposition for an instant. Lately an off-Broadway group has been performing an unauthorized dramatic version of his "Franny and Zooey" in a little theater on Manhattan's Lower East Side—an activity which Salinger is likely to have had curtailed by the time this article reaches your eyes.

Ironically, Salinger's very insistence on privacy has undoubtedly had something to do with making him the public figure of awe, curiosity, controversy and occasional hostility that he is. But that is only a fragment of the explanation. Let Taylor Caldwell or Harold Robbins take to the



WHAT IS THE J.D. SALINGER APPEAL?

woods and few serious readers would expend more than the yawn usually inspired by the prose of these two practitioners. Salinger's stature rests not on his eccentricity but on his fruitful preoccupation with the great themes of love and the essential meaning of life, on his beautiful way with words, on his wild humor and a tenderness that can make strong men cry.

Attempting to treat Salinger and his work definitively in a short magazine article is a task roughly equivalent to trying to copy the Encyclopedia Britannica on the back of a beer bottle label. It's a task we won't essay here. But we will try a bit of catch-as-catch-can with some of the major aspects of Salinger the man and the author and recommend to those who are intrigued that they consult the master for a real intellectual and spiritual wrestling match.

Salinger the man and the author unfortunately are unduelly inseparable. This is true, of course, to some degree of all literary men. But in Salinger's case not only writer but work and even characters within the work are so inextricably woven together that they constitute one formidable unit of intermingled fact and fiction.

Salinger's total literary output comprises the one novel and about 30 short stories. The early stories written during the war have been generally ignored by critics and public alike. The great Salinger work dates from 1948 when he began writing for the *New Yorker*. It consists of "The Catcher in the Rye" his only novel published in 1951, "Nine Stories" written between 1942 and 1953 and collected in book form in the latter year, "Franny" and "Zooey" separate stories published in the *New Yorker* during the latter '50s and issued together as a book in 1961, and "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters and Seymour: An Introduction," two more *New Yorker* stories of the late '50s teamed up as a book in 1962.

Salinger's work can be divided into two parts for discussion purposes, but the elett is largely arbitrary. The same themes—sensitive youth plagued by crass society leader love mixed with torturing neuroses the search of extraordinary people for new solutions to ills—the basic quandries run through both parts.

Ahead with the arbitrary division then: "The Catcher in the Rye" and the "Nine Stories" are magnificently constructed works in what has been called the *New Yorker* style. They are short on plot but achieve their impact through loving attention to detail, compact use of language and the author's tremendous sensitivity.

The other two books represent a departure from the earlier work both in style and on the surface in subject matter. The four stories they contain deal with the fabulous Glass family, who it is assumed will occupy Salinger's attention for the rest of his literary life. (We admitted the division was arbitrary; actually the Glasses also appear in varying degrees of importance in several of the "Nine Stories.")

It is the change in technique that is more important. Instead of the subtle, beautifully wrought earlier work we now see Salinger in what is almost a new medium.

To get straight to the work: he tells us in a kind of interior introduction to "Zooey": "what I'm about to offer isn't really a short story at all but a reel of prose home movie, and those who have seen the footage have strongly advised me against nurturing any elaborate distribution plans for it."

These "home movies," especially Seymour, vaguely resemble short stories but are full of long descriptions of small details, asides from the author to the reader (parenthetical expressions within parenthetical expressions), and other devices that have turned some of Salinger's earlier worshipers against him. He has been accused of throwing away his beautifully disciplined style of becoming overly cute and self-conscious.

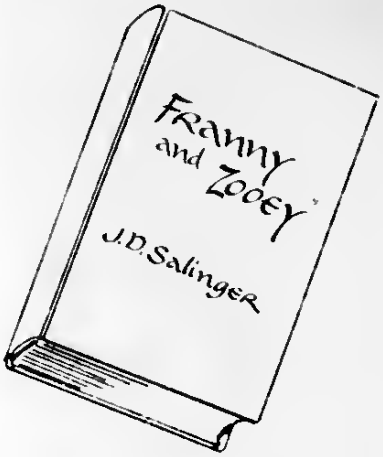
There is an element of truth in these accusations, yet it has long been our contention that nobody ought to tell a writer how to write. We suspect that Salinger left the earlier form because he felt that he could no longer say what he had to say within its confines. Salinger himself, to whom news of the outside world somehow leaks through, has not been entirely unoffended by the criticism of his new approach. On the jacket of "Franny and Zooey" he writes:

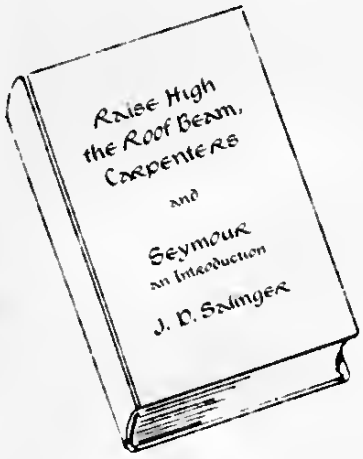
> there is a real enough danger, I suppose, that sooner or later I'll be, down perhaps disappear entirely in my own methods, locutions and manifestations. On the whole, though, I'm very hopeful. I love working on these Glass stories. I've been waiting for them most of my life, and I think I have fairly decent, monomaniacal plans to finish them with due care and all available skill.

Before we consider the new Salinger to default, let's have a look at the old one. "The Catcher in the Rye" remains his most widely read and praised work. This short novel has sold over 3,000,000 copies and 12 years after its original publication is rolling along at a clip of about 250,000 a year. It has become a virtual bible for succeeding classes of college students, and its hero, young Holden Caulfield, has been called the only truly memorable fictional character created in America since the war.

It is in this novel that Salinger's mastery of contemporary urban speech and aggressive Manhattan wit emerges for the first time. The book concerns Holden's adventures when he runs away from a prep school and spends a week end roaming forlornly through the streets of Manhattan.

Early in the book Holden makes this complaint about the school: "There were never many girls at the football games. Only seniors were allowed to bring girls with them. It was a terrible school, no matter how you looked at it. I take to be somewhere at least where you can see a few girls around once in a while, even if they're only scratching their arms or blowing their noses or even just giggling or something. Old Selma Thurmer—she was the headmaster's daughter—showed up at the games quite often, but she wasn't exactly the type that drove you mad with desire. She was a pretty nice girl, though. I sat next to her once on the bus from Agerstown and we sort of struck up a conversation. I liked





her. She had a big nose and her nails were all bitten down and bleedy-looking and she had on those damn falsies that point all over the place, but you felt sort of sorry for her. What I liked about her, she didn't give you a lot of horse manure about what a great guy her father was. She probably knew what a phony slob he was."

Holden's two favorite adjectives are "phony" and "goddam," and the latter is equally in vogue with the characters in Salinger's later works. He defends it in "Seymour," when he has one Glass brother write to another: ". . . I feel you censure on all his God-damns. That seems off to me. What is it but a low form of prayer when he or anybody else God-damns everything? I can't believe God recognizes any form of blasphemy. It's a prissy word invented by the clergy . . ."

The "Nine Stories" show Salinger at his greatest mastery of the short story form, making much meaning out of little action, superb characterization out of bits of dialogue and mannerism. The best of the stories is "For Esme—With Love and Squalor," about a little English girl whose sweet humanity helps keep an American GI from losing his mind.

Salinger's gift for suggesting character by description comes through in this sketch of the girl at choir practice: "She was about thirteen, with straight ash-blonde hair of earlobe length, an exquisite forehead and blase eyes that, I thought, might very possibly have counted the house. Her voice was distinctly separate from the other children's voices, and not just because she was seated nearest to me. It had the best upper register, the sweetest-sounding, the surest, and it automatically led the way. The young lady, however, seemed slightly bored with her own singing ability, or perhaps just with the time and place; twice, between verses, I saw her yawn. It was a ladylike yawn, a closed-mouth yawn, but you couldn't miss it; her nostril wings gave her away."

As we turn to Salinger's more recent work, it will be appropriate to introduce the central figures therein—the Glass family. The parents are Les and Bessie, retired vaudevillians, he Jewish and she Irish, who live in disorderly comfort in an apartment in midtown Manhattan. They had seven children, each a genius, all of whom, between 1927 and 1943, appeared for a time on a network radio program closely resembling the "Quiz Kids." The eldest, Seymour, committed suicide in 1948 at the age of 31, while on vacation in Miami Beach with his wife. Buddy, the oldest surviving Glass child, is Salinger's fictional alter ego. Both were born in 1919, both are writers who live as recluses in New England. When Salinger wants to say something personal and direct to the reader, Buddy Glass generally does the talking.

Next in line is the elder of the two girls, Boo Boo. She is the only one in the family who has ever been happily married. We met her in one of the "Nine Stories" under her married surname, Tannenbaum. Next youngest were the twins, Walt and Waker. Walt was killed in a freak accident while on military duty in Japan in 1945. Waker is a Jesuit priest with whom the family (and us readers) have little contact these days. The youngest boy, Zooey, is a very handsome, slightly-built actor on television. Franny, the baby of the family, is a stage actress.

It's an extraordinary family in several ways, some of which are apparent just from the information above. Of seven grown children in one family, only two have ever been married, and one of these killed himself. Right here we come to one of the most controversial facts about Salinger's work. While his writing is full of love, it most often occurs between an adult and a child, or two children, or two grown siblings. Happy marriages or even rewarding love affairs are few and far between. This coupled with very little attention paid to physical sex.

In one of the early short stories, "Down at the Dinghy," Boo Boo "went directly to the refrigerator and opened it. As she peered inside, with her legs apart and her hands on her knees, she whistled, unmelodically, through her teeth, keeping time with a little uninhibited pendulum action of her rear end."

In "Seymour," Buddy tells of being in his classroom at the girls' college where he teaches part time and "rather staring, I'm afraid, at Miss Valdemar's incredibly snug pedal

(*Continued on page 64*)



Salinger's secluded farmhouse at Cornish, N.H. His wife screens all correspondence, to give him complete privacy.

THE CATALYST



CHARLIE McHARRY

"New York has more attractive 100% virgins of 30 and over than anywhere in the U.S," announced Benton Basil at 2 a.m., after swallowing martinis for an hour. And then he went on to prove his case

● When the guys down at the bartenders' union told me to show up for work at a place called the Labor Room I thought I was getting into a joint favored by working stiffs, but this did not turn out to be the case. The Labor Room, I found out was a small saloon right next to the Lying-In Hospital, which is on the upper East Side, and it does a good late business, most of the clients being interns, docs, nurses, cabbies, expectant fathers, and sometimes an expectant mother.

I've been tending bar there for a year now and I make out. The docs and the nurses and the hackies don't go heavy on the tips, but when you get a guy who's sweating out a baby, you got a live one. These guys tip like maybe it's going to help with what's going on across the street, and sometimes they're good for a five or even a ten. Anyway, on this morning I am about to tell you about, I figure I got two live ones.

It is 2 a.m. and I have nine customers in the place, all at the bar. Since the bar is not too big, this puts them pretty close together. There are two dames, both from across the street, at one end of the bar, and at the other end of the bar there are two guys who have never been in before. In the middle I got doctors.

I get to sizing up the new guys, like I always do, and this time it's not hard. One of them is Madison Avenue. He's wearing the black flannels and the horn rims and he is drinking martinis. Anybody who drinks martinis is either Madison Avenue or nuts, and this guy does not look nuts. He has not opened his mouth in thirty minutes and I know he is thinking, like Madison Avenue guys do. On a briefcase he has lying on the bar, I see the name 'Benton Basil.'

The guy next to him I figure for Park Avenue. He is drinking Scotch and taking his time about it, and he has something to say to me now and then, like: "Yes, I would like another cube of ice." His clothes are the best you get, and he is manicured. On the table behind him is a box of flowers.

Nothing happens for a while, and then Benton Basil, like any martini drinker will do if you give him time, tosses out what he is thinking about. He says, not too loud and looking at nobody in particular, that this

"The Catalyst" is another great story from the pen of syndicated newspaper columnist Charlie McHarry, whom Broadwayites are touting as the new Damon Runyon. Charlie's column, "On the Town" — highlighting people ond events on Broadwoy — appears doily in hundreds of papers throughout the country.

Turn Page

THE CATALYST

town which is New York is unique in many ways He gets no argument about this and he continues

One of the most remarkable aspects of this city is the presence here of proportionately more attractive 100 per cent virgins of 30 or more years of age than in any other community in the United States large or small

He gives the clients a chance to digest this and then he says that 95 per cent of these dames will go to Woodlawn which is a cemetery with their virginity intact He pauses again and then announces that this is a shame Naturally this starts a discussion up and down the bar and such localities as Philly Memphis Chi Seattle L.A. New Orleans and Scranton Pa. are mentioned proudly Nobody gets sore and pretty soon the drinkers are back to what they were talking about before which as usual is women

Well I got nothing else to do so I get Benton Basil started up again and for the next hour he sells me on how the big-city girl gets a better score than Doc Kinsey than her country cousins He is fairly still but he makes a good case What it comes down to he says is opportunity

Look he says it's nothing at all for a man in say Marion Ohio to let his 18-year-old daughter stay out till all hours with a local boy because he knows the boy and the boy's father and he figures his daughter will get home all right

Most of the time Benton Basil says this girl in Marion Ohio does get home all right but one time maybe she doesn't And there she goes my guy tells me right out of the 100 per cent club

What makes the situation so different in New York Benton Basil continues are the many Old World-type parents who feel a girl must be watched all the time It isn't that these parents don't love and trust their daughters but they dig the fact that instinct is more powerful with a growing girl than all the reason in the world

Benton Basil grants that every small town has its quota of unmarried girls getting along in years but he says that many of these dames are not members of the club having zigzagged somewhere along the line and they have no honest claim to the title of an old maid

All the time Benton Basil is talking Park Avenue is listening and I notice in about the middle of the lecture Benton Basil is talking in his direction as much as in mine This makes it all right when Park Avenue breaks in and asks if he can buy Benton Basil says sure and I let up a new round including myself

Perhaps I have something to add to your study Park Avenue says May I tell you about a girl who almost but not quite became a lifetime member of the club?

Benton Basil says sure and Park Avenue begins a story about a girl he calls Mary McCarthy although he tells us this is not her real name Mary was born up in the Bronx and she gets a close watch from her daddy who is a city cop at all times She goes to high school and has two years of college and she's in the house every night at 9 unless there's some special reason why she shouldn't be When Mary McCarthy leaves school for a job in Wall Street she is equipped with brains long legs dark red hair and eyes which Park Avenue says are pure emmamou At this point she's very much a member of the club

It may surprise you to hear says Park Avenue that a woman of Mary's beauty and ability remained at her job for nine years without attracting one eligible suitor Yet that is what happened

She did go out with men?" asked Benton Basil

Yes but the men fell in one of two categories They were either young and without money or they were married In her nine years as a wage earner and let us consider that this woman had not one personality defect she had less than a dozen dates

Benton Basil nods like this proves his case and then we hear how Mary McCarthy gets to be 29 and how her confidence is about shot She's still a looker but she begins to get sloppy in little ways and she is not as pleasant as before Then she gets a proposition the first one in her life

It came in the form of a plain bald invitation to go to bed Park Avenue says but it had a beautiful effect In a matter of hours it transformed Mary from a resigned woman approaching spinsterhood into an exultant exciting female

It seems a very rich character who comes in regularly to count his change with Mary McCarthy's boss is the one who makes this proposition Park Avenue describes him as all right except that he plays the field which is nothing they hang you for He takes Mary to a fancy place in dinner one night and does not even try to play kneesie He comes clean about his family and says his wife does not miss him when he does not come home nights which is about any night you name He tells Mary McCarthy she is one of the greatest numbers he ever met and he drops her at her house in the Bronx that night with a handshake He's back in her office on Wednesday of the following week and this is when he makes the pass

The fellow's hope of success was based on a sense of mutual attraction and on a knowledge of the desire for illicit adventure which is normal in all of us Park Avenue says His approach was casual He asked Mary to accompany him to Boston for the week end He gave her the Friday afternoon train time and an envelope containing a ticket to match his own reservation He would not allow an immediate answer He said he would know at departure time

I ask Benton Basil since he knows so much about those things What are the odds on this girl going to Beantown?

She would not go" he answers No Park Avenue says everything in her 29 years was against it

But she is not a member of the 100 per cent club any more? I ask

No she is not Mary spent that week end at home but she went to her office on Monday with a newness perhaps a trace of imagined wickedness which every male in the place found irresistible Within a short time she was married to a man of good circumstances Her baby is being born tonight

Benton Basil orders a round and says You are not this girl's husband? It is not exactly a question It is like he already knows the answer

Park Avenue looks right back at him without batting an eye and asks No, are you?

No Benton Basil says grinning

The three of us are alone in the place now I tell them its time to close and Benton Basil waits a minute Since you are not Mary McCarthy's husband he says to Park Avenue you are the man whose invitation she refused Right?

Right

She realized the importance of your role in her life and she sought you as a friend?

Right again

And her husband knows? Again it was more like a statement than a question

Yes he knows and I believe he too is appreciative I shall be able to tell that when I meet him as I will within the next hour

Tell me Benton Basil says did you actually believe Mary McCarthy would make that train?

At the time yes Park Avenue says picking up his flowers and tossing an envelope on the bar He tells me to open the envelope and I do and I take out an unused train ticket for Boston dated eighteen months back

We all look at it and then they say goodnight and go out together leaving the ticket and a pair of fives on the bar

It's five ones like this that make the business a pleasure THE END


A YOUNG ELEGANTE



A YOUNG ELEGANTE

Marla Evans: The Case History of a Park Avenue Debutante Turned Mannequin

• Eighteen is the magic age of awakening, the age when all dreams and hopes are possible of being fulfilled, the age when the pretty half slumbering teenager bursts out of her cocoon and emerges as the full-bodied, passionate adult woman.

No one illustrates this age of newness and awareness more than lovely Marla Evans, who recently celebrated her "coming of age" for a woman. Like a playful kitten, Marla is shy or flirtatious by turn, but always imbued with a radiance and appealing unselfconsciousness that endear her to even the most casual observer, and bring out only the most tender male thoughts.

Marla was brought up in a Park Avenue duplex apartment amidst heirloom-tapestried walls and priceless Louis XIV antique furniture. She attended private schools in New York and a finishing school for young ladies of better families in the rolling hills of West Virginia, where she sat a horse like a champion.

On her 18th birthday this young lady, who has a mind of her own, said no, thank you to a lavish coming-out party and a social whirl as a debutante, gathered together her collection of toy poodles and antique perfume bottles and left her parents' posh nest. She rented a one-room bachelorette apartment on New York's upper West Side and began her rounds of modeling agencies, photographers' studios and casting offices.

While other girls of Marla's acquaintance spend their mornings sleeping late, then wile away the day with lunch at some smart restaurant, shopping at a fashionable Fifth Avenue department store, then cocktails at a dimly lit lounge, topped off with an evening of partying, dancing and theater-going, Marla is busily making her rounds with hatbox in hand.

When she left her parents' home Marla refused the generous allowance they wanted to give her, preferring to get by on the money she earns for herself. A girl who was used to taxiing about Manhattan now she very often skips even the subway or bus in order to save carfare. But Marla has always been an outdoor girl and she says she adores walking in the sun or rain. She also loves the novelty of sitting at a dime store lunch counter to grab a fast sandwich and coke, and she believes her friends are missing all the fun and excitement of the world beyond their terraced Park Avenue apartment houses.

The pictures on these pages are the first professional ones of Marla and demonstrate so poignantly the innocence-worldliness of eighteen in general and Marla Evans in particular.

At 18 Marla is delicious music and merry laughter. She is a surging sea of laces, satins, silks and







A YOUNG ELEGANTE



sex appeal, a young woman who is secure in the knowledge of her own all-encompassing femininity. But Marla is a rebel, too! She doesn't like beehive hair-do's, pale lips or girls who wear soiled white gloves. She believes that long ago the American girl won the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness—wearing pants. Marla wears them all the time—slacks, blue jeans, pedal pushers, capris, short shorts and other casual variations of the basic lower garment, all of which give lucky males an accurate idea of Marla below the waist. And one notes with a singular vividness of feeling that every line of her movements—the fleeting, momentary positions she assumes—are all full of a wondrous charm.

Marla disproves the old adage "beautiful but dumb." Her interests are many and varied, and life holds so many thrilling moments she is never bored. She loves to ride horseback, to skim over the water on a surfboard, to pirouette a dozen times on ice skates. In her quieter moments she finds great enjoyment in New York City's museums, and adores both modern art and the Old Masters. At home her hi-fi is never turned off, and she is always surrounded by books. Philosophy, sociology and biographies of men and women of action make up her favorite reading, although she likes to read poetry or a bit of a novel about love before going to sleep. Marla calls this her "sleeping pill" and believes the soothing effect of poetry before bedtime brings on a restful, healthful sleep.



Depending on her mood, Marla can be the life of a party or sit quietly on the side lines. However, when she makes a statement, people listen, for she is tremendously interested in what is going on in the world and reads two newspapers daily. Many of her parents' friends are connected with the United Nations and Marla talks easily with them, for she speaks fluent French and Italian and has even studied a little Russian.

At the moment Marla has no plans for marriage. A man may be older and worldly or young and boyish—all she asks is that he treat her with respect and consideration.

At 18 the world is Marla's toy—bright and shining and new and exciting—and she's having a ball living it. THE END

John Cage, THE JUST SLIGHTLY BEAT PURVEYOR OF NOISE

By BRIAN McKEON

● What comes after the iron foundry? The question may not be important to you, but modern musicians are going mad trying to answer it. They've been messing around with the problem ever since a Russian composer set down a symphony that sounded like the banging of hammers on sheet metal.

The reason it sounded like the banging of hammers was that it was. It was also an early step toward music for so-called instruments that had never been used before. And it was on the way to the wave of electronic stuff that's making the concert scene these days.

Electronic music is either electrically doctored-up sounds from ordinary instruments or wild and weird noises electronically produced. Electronic music does away with performers. As one critic said, after an evening of it: "There's no one here but us tape recorders." That this can be an advantage should be obvious to anyone who's been roped into seeing a performance of Carmen, where the heroine—Carmen—is twice as big as the bull.

Electronic music is only one way the boys in the noise making department have taken since they got fed up a long time ago with standard stuff — pianos, violins and clarinets. Many of those who didn't go for automation went for gadgets.

Granddaddy of these guys is a crew cut collegiate character, now in his 50's, named John Cage. He started about thirty years ago, messing around with the innards of pianos, sticking stuff into the stuffings of them. When he had cash he used coins—pennies, nickels and quarters. When he didn't, he settled for bolts and screws. The idea was to get a completely different sound from what Cage called a "prepared piano."

He got the sound, all right. He also got a tremendous howl of publicity. And from then on Cage, and the cause of modern music, had it made.

People predicted that Cage would make an impression on the beat set. He proved them right, in a couple of concerts he gave in New York. At these he closed up the keyboard and conducted music written for a whole series of sillies. One piece, for instance, was written for a combo consisting of a brake drum from a Ford, flowerpots, cowbells, alarm clocks and the jawbone of an ass.

The first concert was given in the auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art. It attracted celebrities and socialites, who were handed programs tastefully printed on bits of old newspapers.

The next time around Cage had a new angle. He got rid of the gadgets and bought himself a dozen or so transistor radios and strung them across the stage. While Cage "conducted"—waved his arms at a bevy of boy dancers in black

In the world of modern music John Cage has had more impact than may be realized. One of the first exponents of the theory that great sounds may come from everyday noises, Cage uses anvils, hammers, sheet metal; in fact almost anything as an adjunct to a musical instrument



John Cage father of "gadget" music has written score for combo of car brake drum flowerpots cowbells, alarm clocks

tights, they dashed around the stage turning the sets on and off.

Cage's point was that music was just more noise or less noise. He went on from there to other forms. He has, for example, worked his way through "Indeterminate Music"--in this the choice of the order of the notes is left to the performer, which means he's making it up as he goes along—to "Action Music." This is where, in a piano concerto, he lets a flock of squawking turkeys out of a coffin.

Cage creates a stir wherever he goes. He pulls in his public at an off-Broadway house called The Living Theater, where both Village characters and tourists go to gawk and gape. Recently he represented American music at an international festival in Prague. Now he's to play in London, at a concert of the most way out music heard anywhere.

Cage's share will be for the squares. It's the boys who follow who are hip.

One of these is an American, George Maciunas, who's behind the movement called "Fluxus." He'll play a solo for violin, which includes hammering the violin, scraping the string with a nail and tightening it until it breaks.

Other attractions will include "Torture Music," which is water passing through a tube, and a piano piece which involves pushing the piano against a wall until it goes right through it. This little number is by a composer named La Monte Young, but it's to be played by one of his friends, John Cale, who organized the ear-splitting event.

Cale's comment on the work is: "I'm interested in my relation to the piano."

So far the piano hasn't commented.

Other works to be played on this bang-up occasion include something by Fred Turner, who does away with those little black dots sitting on fences that used to be the way you wrote music. Instead, he attaches cigarette packages to the paper with toothpaste. Whether it tastes good like a cigarette should, it distracts the pianist, which is the point of the whole thing.

The concert ends with something called "Plant Piece" by Robin Page, in which he claims the "instrumentalist" will scream at a potted plant until it dies.

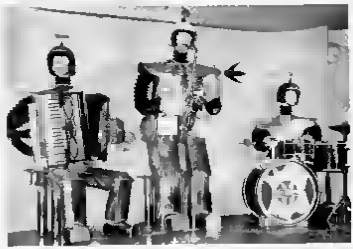
These characters may sound like clowns to you, but they've convinced plenty of professionals and flocks of foundations that they're composers. They're getting prizes and support from colleges, orchestras and the big boys who are in the business of handing out money to "creative" artists. Places like Princeton and Columbia Universities and the New York School for Social Research have sponsored concerts and lectures, and employed both Cage and a pal of his, Richard Maxfield, as instructors.

Maxfield has put together—"composed" is hardly the word—a "Pastoral Symphony," the

John Cage, THE JUST SLIGHTLY BEAT PURVEYOR OF NOISE



German gal admires wisks of stainless steel that produce musical sounds when touched Created by artist Harry Bertoia



Inventor Didier Poutrel says these musical robots swinging in a Paris club are capable of playing any tune requested



Visitor at Rome Music Exhibit with musical snake called a Serpentone It is made of wood covered with reptile skin

same title a more famous composer Beethoven used for one of his That s where the similarity ends though Beethoven s masterpiece was for an orchestra—80 men with 80 instruments Maxfield s mess is best described by its subtitle A short work in two channels using frequency-modulated saw-tooth filtered electronic sounds

Maxfield doesn't really like music he likes simple and synthetic sounds These come closer to roars hisses flutters squeaks clicks pings pangs and sizzles than they do to tunes That s why someone summed up the Pastoral Symphony as a nightmare of insane jungle bird screams

Maxfield has another gimmick for the piece he calls Cough Music which sounds like a bad cold It was assembled by taping the sounds of an audience coughing at a dance recital then altering them electronically The piece has been booted and hissed by musicians and critics but would probably win the approval of Trade and Mark the Smith Brothers who would find a mass market for their product among the performers

Maxfield and Cage may get the collective goat of music lovers but they pick up plenty of loot from foundations like the Rockefeller Foundation which picked up the tab for the three ton sound synthesizer that RCA just built The engineers in charge claim there s no sound imaginable that the synthesizer can't reproduce and that it emits thousands of unimaginable ones too

Not only American foundations have been shelling out the shekels for the AC DC devices European composers have been caught in the electric current too Concerts devoted to high voltage if not shocking stuff take place regularly in such cities as Rome London Berlin Hamburg Paris and Cologne Germany which boasts a center for electronic music

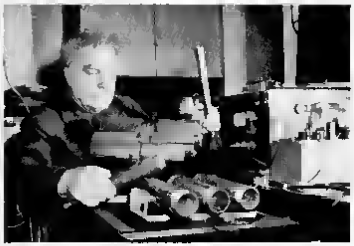
Paris is the place where the swankiest social events are the furthest out Summit of the season in the series given by a balding long hair named Pierre Boulez for an audience that s loaded Sometimes it s hard to tell the diamonds on the fingers of the fur-clad audience from the spotlights



Mrs. Michael Freeman holds a musical monster whose tongue vibrates with the music. It was used in 18th Century Italy



Leopold Stokowski and theremmist Clara Rockmore. Theremin is compared in a tremendous human voice with great pitch



One of the big names in electronic music is Edgar Varese. In Greenwich Village studio he thumps tubes to make music



Physicist Dr. John Backus (L) demonstrates his clarinet vacuum cleaner hookup to top jazz clarinetist Pete Fountain

Boulez presents his own music and that of many others. No one laughs when he sits down to play, but some are likely to walk out. In fact they're often invited to by Boulez himself who usually announces before he begins: "This is a long and difficult work. If you don't think you'll like it you'd better leave now."

Music of these concerts is usually confined to strange combinations of classical instruments with sometimes a concertina thrown in although Boulez goes in big for the mechanized stuff, too—the tapes and turntables and other trappings of electronic music.

Most of the electronic music played when Boulez has a ball is by European composers, usually German. Boulez spends a lot of time overlooking one of the first of the electronic composers, the American Edgar Varese, who's been grinding out the grunting sounds for almost fifty years.

Varese lives in Greenwich Village these days. One of his works, "Poeme Electronique," was played for the first time in America a year or so ago in a Village night club. The critics came and saw but were hardly conquered by what they heard. One reported that he nearly jumped out of his chair a couple of times as sharp high pitched crashes shot forth from what seemed to be a monstrous tweeter directly in the line of fire." The critic admitted that he finally had to plug his ears because the music was quite literally a pain.

Varese believes that the modern industrial world has added a lot of new sounds to the old ones musicians used. Some of the sounds he's put into his pieces have been those of sleigh bells, chains and anvils.

Varese lags behind the toys of the newer boys though like Yusef Lateef who makes money if not music by letting the air out of balloons, banging with Turkish finger cymbals and blowing into a 7-Up bottle.

This latest hit, the bottle thing, hasn't yet hit the foreign market. If and when the French get hold of it there'll have to be some changes made. For one thing it won't be a 7-Up bottle. It will be champagne, razzm



On these pages we proudly present an off-beat, hard-hitting short-short story about one man's Sunday afternoon at the local pub

a bottle of coke

By THOMAS J. MARKS, Jr.

'Waiter!"

"Yes, sir."

'Another round over here, please. A double bourbon and a bottle of ale for me, another glass of ginger ale for the wife and the kid still has some coke left in his bottle, so bring him a bag of potato chips."

"Right away, sir."

"George, that's your third. You promised.'

'Look, Mary, let's not argue. I know the whole damn long story. I celebrated a little bit too much in here last night and I wound up broke because I treated a lot of nice guys I was with, but I enjoyed myself and now it's Sunday afternoon and I'm having a few drinks to get straightened out, and then we'll go walking, like I promised. Right?'

'Walking. That's about all we can do, because that twenty I just gave you was the last of the rent money, and it was the last single cent I had to my name. In fact, I'll have to stall the (*Continued on page 67*)



AS SIR! SAID, BARBRA MAKES

Less than 2 years ago Barbra Streisand was called a kook, a beatnik. Today the singer, 21, earns $250,000 a year; she's turned down dozens of offers, and to JFK she's "sensational"

By CHARLIE McHARRY



A year and a half ago Barbra sang in little clubs for her supper; today she plays to SRO at top night spots

● Less than two years ago Barbra Streisand didn't have a dime, literally. This year she will earn more than $250,000. Within another two years, according to her business manager, her annual gross will be in seven figures.

Her list of credits, all within the last eighteen months, is more impressive than that of any young entertainer in a generation. She appeared, and was acclaimed in Broadway's "I Can Get It for You Wholesale." She sang, again delighting critics and audience, at the Bon Soir, Blue Angel and Basin Street, all New York clubs which offer talent of only the highest caliber. Her out-of-town dates have included engagements at Mr. Kelly's in Chicago, and at the Riviera Hotel in Los Angeles.

This fall she is singing in the Hotel Plaza's elegant Persian Room, and she almost certainly will do another Broadway musical. Television viewers will see more of her, and hi-fi fans will be treated to another Streisand album. Her first became an overnight best-seller.

Almost as remarkable as her record of achievements is the list of offers she declined. Seven Arts wanted her for a five-picture deal. Her manager said no. All the major record labels sought her signature. She signed with

IT BIG



At White House command performance President Kennedy told Barbra "You're sensational." She autographed album for him

(Continued)



The critics have compared Barbra to Lena Horne Judy Garland Billie Holiday and Sophie Tucker They say at times her voice may become thin and even screechy but it's always true and poetic



As Miss Marmelstein in "I Can Get It For You Wholesale" Barbra drew notices that ranged from excellent to ecstatic

BARBRA MAKES IT BIG

Columbia but the contract is not of long duration

No less than twenty Broadway producers are in pursuit of her for forthcoming events She has finally agreed to do "The Fanny Brice Story" a musical which will be sponsored by David Merrick and Ray Stark But she's turned down night clubs that have wooed her with long-term contracts offering up to $100,000 for a three-year pact

All this from a girl now 21 who two years ago was described as a kook a beatnik and a weird one a girl whose hair was a mess face apt to be smudged and clothes nondescript When she couldn't afford a room she slept in the offices and apartments of friends lugging a cot from place to place

Unable to obtain club dates she offered to sing for her supper and at one point this is exactly what she did Bill Rosen the proprietor of Gatsby's a smart East Side restaurant noted for its wine list good food soft lights and subdued piano remembers Barbra coming in late at night and sitting down with Neal Wolfe the piano player She sang a couple of numbers and Rosen was impressed He told her so and said she could come back any time

"Will you feed me?" Barbra asked

"Sure" the host replied "and I'll give you $15 a night"

Barbra was glad to get the $15 and the meals... and for the next few nights she came in regularly

She was always looking for something new Rosen recalls She didn't seem to care how she looked All she cared about was singing Her voice was great—but that hair and those clothes

One night following a session with Wolfe at the piano Rosen was once more telling Barbra how highly he thought of her when she interrupted "If you like me so much why don't you manage me?"

Rosen was quite honest in his answer "Barbra" he said "managing an artist isn't my business but I can tell you that if you're going to go anywhere you'll have to get that nose fixed and do something about your hair and clothes You have wonderful style but your appearance is awful"

A week or so after this incident the Bon Soir issued one of its periodic calls for new talent and Barbra urged by friends auditioned She had scrubbed her face applied a bit of make-up brushed her hair and discarded her slacks in favor of a dress True the dress hung awkwardly but it was still a dress and she was signed for a two week tryout

Her success was instant word quickly spreading uptown that a must see new singer was at work in Greenwich Village Talent scouts from the Merrick office came down were impressed by what they saw and heard and invited Barbra to audition for the aforementioned Wholesale then nearing rehearsals

The show opened with Barbra in the comedy role of Miss Marmelstein Wholesale was short-lived... but Barbra's personal notices ranged from excellent to ecstatic She won a Tony Award as the best supporting actress of the season and the New York Critics Circle cited her similarly With these awards she was off and running

Today Barbra's hair is in the able hands of New York's Mr Kenneth Although she designs her own dresses they are made by Tony Antone Also on her payroll are a personal manager a financial manager a press agent a secretary and an accompanist Peter Daniels

Of her financial acumen her money manager Martin Bregman says "She'll be one of our wealthiest young entertainers There's no kookiness involved when it comes to business She goes into a business proposition like she was 130 years old"

Barbra's so-called kookiness came to wide attention on the Mike Wallace TV show She talked about lugging her cot around voiced such opinions as "milk can kill you" and went into stream-of-consciousness monologues that broke up Mike and thousands of his followers

Yet she doesn't consider herself a kook. A little wild maybe but not a kook. Her friends and others in close association with her agree. Says Bregman: "She's bright perceptive and not at all difficult." Says her press agent: "She's a dream, a natural. Said President Kennedy (to Barbra directly): 'You're sensational.'" To this writer Barbra is both a genius and an enigma.

I spent several unsuccessful weeks in an attempt to interview Barbra. I read all that had been written about her, talked at length with her managers, with people who know her and with her press representatives but I could not reach Barbra herself.

Finally I submitted a number of questions all innocuous enough to her press agent Sheldon Roskin. He obtained the answers in two one hour phone conversations with Barbra who was in Chicago at the time. To many of the questions Roskin reported that Barbra's reaction was: "Gee, no one ever asked me things like this before."

I know Barbra had been born in Brooklyn but there was little on the record about her family or her childhood. I asked for details. Her father Barbra said was Emmanuel Streisand, a Ph.D. in English and psychology. He was assistant superintendent of education at Elmira Reformatory. He died when Barbra was an infant.

Her mother Diana worked as a clerk for the Board of Education. There was an elder brother Sheldon, now 29, and following her mother's second marriage a little sister Rosalyn, now 12. The family lived in moderate circumstances first in the Williamsburg and later in the Flatbush sections of Brooklyn.

I had been told that Barbra had a lonely childhood. This is what she had to say about it: "I didn't have many friends but it wasn't a question of being popular. I was an outsider in the sense that I had a better understanding of people and was more serious than other children about everyday matters. I was alone but not lonely. I could be with people whenever I wanted to, but because I had deeper feelings and thoughts for different things I didn't especially want to be with people. I felt I worked better alone."

Well, you figure that one out.

I asked if she were close to her family. "As close as our schedules permitted," she said. "But since Mother worked and Sheldon had his own friends, I spent a lot of time with a neighbor, Mrs. Toby Borokow and her son Irving. I was very close to the Borokows and I think of them as the people who raised me."

I asked when she first felt she wanted to go into show business and how this came about. The answer to this one was long and typically rambling, but here it is:

"When I was 14 I went with a girl friend to see 'The Diary of Anne Frank.' That play changed the whole world for me. I started going to acting classes, buying *Variety* and doing things like that. I was meeting new, exciting people every day and it was wonderful.

"On Wednesdays and Saturdays (Broadway's matinee days) I would see two plays a day. I worked as a cashier in a Chinese restaurant for several hours a day to get money to see the plays.

"When I was younger I took ballet and piano lessons but I got tired of them quickly and dropped out. We didn't have a Victrola (Barbra still uses this word), and the only music we had was on the radio.

"When I was 15 I lied about my age and said I was 18 and got work in summer stock as an apprentice. I played three roles—a Japanese child in 'Teahouse of the August Moon,' the sextet in 'Desk Set' and Milko in 'Flente.'

"Then I became friendly with the people at the Cherry Lane Theater (an off-Broadway house) and they taught me how to do the lights. I swept out the place too. I was going to Erasmus High School at the time and they helped me with my homework. I also had a job with a painting company. That it merged with another company and I lost out. Then I joined the Curt Conway Theater Studio for Acting. I was about 16½ then.

"I hated school but I graduated with an average of 91 plus and I got a Spanish medal and honors in math. I hated reading but I loved learning. I had trouble with my teeth and had to wear braces for two years. When I was 13 the dentist found out I hadn't lost my baby incuspids and they had to be pulled. It took two years for the new teeth to grow in and all during this time I tried not to smile. (Barbra still doesn't smile too easily. Whon she does it's a sweet, sad smile.)

To my question on beatniks Barbra answered: "I never knew any beatniks and I never was one. I hated the Village coffeeshops and never went in them unless I had to. After high school I left home and got a job as a switchboard operator. I took an apartment on West 48th Street with a girl friend from school but it didn't work out so I moved back home. That didn't work either so I took another apartment on West 54th Street but that failed too because of a personality clash with my roommate.

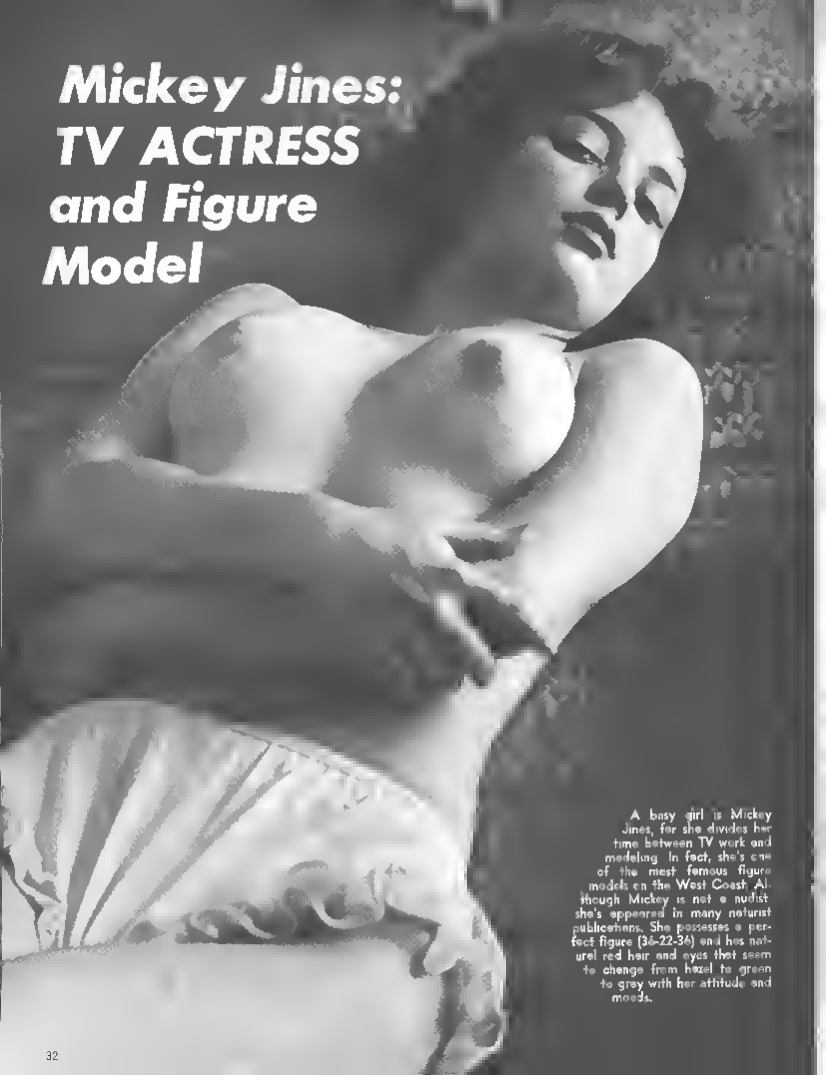
"I got a job as the French maid in 'The Boy Friend' in the Village (at an off-Broadway theater) but I had no place to live. My cousins offered me their apartment for the week and Peter Daniels (the aforementioned Mr. Daniels who is currently Barbra's accompanist) gave me his place for the week ends. I accepted and this is when I had to carry my cot around to the two different living quarters."

I asked Barbra about her (*Continued on page 62*)



The girl who once didn't have a place to sleep. Barbra now has personal business and financial managers, press agent and secretary. She's expected to earn a million in 2 years.

Mickey Jines: TV ACTRESS and Figure Model



A busy girl is Mickey Jines, for she divides her time between TV work and modeling. In fact, she's one of the most famous figure models on the West Coast. Although Mickey is not a nudist she's appeared in many naturist publications. She possesses a perfect figure (36-22-36) and has natural red hair and eyes that seem to change from hazel to green to grey with her attitude and moods.





Mickey Jines









SIR'S JOKES FOR PLAYTIME

● Pete's Gin Mill in Frisco has a new concoction that's a real gas. It's called M.R.S. Punch, and he makes it with milk, rum and sugar. The milk is for vitality, the sugar for pep. And he puts in the rum so people will know what to do with all that pep and vitality!



● It was Jane's first day as a salesgirl in the maternity shop and business was hectic. From the moment the store opened, Jane had been hopping from one customer to another. Then, just as she finished a big sale and was hoping to take a coffee break, the doors opened and a new group of very expectant ladies came rushing through the door.

"My goodness," the exhausted Jane exploded in anguish, "doesn't anyone ever do it for fun any more?"

● Underdeveloped young Sammy
Told his gal, nymphomaniac Tammy,
"I do like to sport . . .
But let's cut this thing short . . .
'Cause this is as far as I go."



● A king and his court jester were marooned on a desert island. By the end of the week the king was at his wit's end.

● Did you hear about the girl who was picked up so often she started to grow handles?

● A doctor in Chicago for a medical convention was talking to a gorgeous blonde in the lobby of his hotel when his wife unexpectedly came out of the elevator. Eyeing the departing figure of the blonde, the wife snapped: "How do you happen to know her?"

"Oh, just professionally," the doctor answered casually.

"Yours or hers?" the wife asked, raising a sarcastic eyebrow.



● A union organizer went to a brothel and carefully looked over the girls. "I'll take that one," he told the madam, pointing to a cute little redhead.

"Oh, no," said the madam. "You'll take that one over there." She pointed to a forlorn-looking dame sitting by herself. "She's got seniority rights!"

● The Navy opened one of its bases for public inspection as part of a better public relations policy. A group of middle-aged ladies from a local ladies' club was being shown through the mess hall by a smartly turned out young ensign. The ladies paused before one of the large baking ovens, where a sailor was busy rolling dough. He would take small portions of dough and press them on his belly button before putting them on a huge baking sheet.

"What in the world is he doing?" asked one of the ladies.

"He's making cookies, ma'am," the ensign replied politely.

"Well, that's the strangest thing I've ever seen!"

"If you think that's funny, you should have been here last week. He was making doughnuts then!"

● It was New Year's Eve and the house was decorated with all the trappings of the holiday season. The only sound in the quiet of the house was the click of Grandma's knitting needles as she baby sat with the children: Frannie, 8, and Dolly, 6. The girls were coloring in a coloring book. Tiring of this, they went over to Grandma's rocker. Frannie curled up on the floor and Dolly crept into Grandma's lap.

"Tell us a story," Dolly begged.

"Well," said the old lady, putting her knitting aside, "what story shall I tell you tonight?"

"Grandma, tell us our favorite story," Frannie whispered eagerly. "About the time you were a whore in Dallas."



"You certainly have a knack for putting a guest at ease, Mr. Wigdortz."

FEMME FATALE of the



Blonde Christina is leader of Jet Set, those frenetic uppercrust guys and dolls who are ever on prowl for new kicks. She was expelled from Social Register for nude pix

By JAMES CONNOLLEY

Born a countess, Christina Paolozzi digs the Bohemian way of life. Her nude pictures shocked high society, but point up the fact that a titled lady, like any other gal, has a yen to show her body if it's worth showing

JET SET

• Darling of the Jet Set—those frenetic uppercrust guys and dolls who have both the time and money to relieve their boredom by chasing after thrills on both sides of the Atlantic—is madcap, barefooted (and sometimes barebreasted) Contessa Christina Paolozzi. The 24 year-old Italian-American blonde is amply endowed by nature inclination and background to call the shots in her own 'Dolce Vita'.

Daughter of an international marriage (her father, Count Lorenzo Paolozzi supplied a poor but noble Italian name and her mother Alice Spaulding, contributed Boston millions), Christina took her bird-in-a-gilded-palace life for 19 years then kicked up her heels and embarked on her mad merry-go-round of fun and thrills. Christina has (1) been to Cuba to see what the Castro regime is all about and fallen "madly in love" with No. 2 boss man, Che Guevara, (2) posed in the nude for internationally famous photographer Richard Avedon, the nude then turning up in the pages of that ultra high fashion magazine, *Harper's Bazaar*, (3) become a model drawing top



At 19 Christina gave up quiet life of an Italian countess, settled in New York. She models, acts, throws wild parties.

FEMME FATALE of the JET SET

Always chasing new thrills, Christina went to Cuba, fell madly in love with Fidel's No. 2 man, Che Guevara. She calls him a "divine evil man." But to Guevara and other Reds, this madcap sexpot symbolizes "Western decadence"





Christina at parents posh Roman villa Photog Dick Avedon calls her a "divine discontent." She admits she has too much money too much time on her hands

cash at $65 an hour (4) and all the while driving her sports jobs at breakneck speed and throwing wild and magnificent parties that would put Elsa Maxwell (in her prime) to shame

These violent exploits have caused Christina's expulsion from both the *Social Register* and the posh Paolozzi villa in Rome They have made the Italian Communist Party call her a symbol of Western decadence However in compensation for these snubs from both the far right and the far left Christina is undisputed leader of the Jet Set and she feels these thrill-seekers get more of a bang out of life than either the Commies or the very respectable Italian nobility As Christine puts it

In Rome when I was growing up it was not very fashionable to be sportive but it was fashionable to watch sports It was not fashionable to be an excellent dancer but it was fashionable to be at every ball It was also fashionable to pass the days doing needle point Well I could not accept all this"

In 1959 Christina decided it was time to live her life as she saw it so she headed West and landed in New York She settled down in her mother's Park Avenue apartment did some modeling (her agent says Christina started out as a kooky kid is now developing into a lady) threw some big time bashes invest gated Harlem jazz spots then flew to Cuba with a group of French newspaper friends There she met Fidel and brother Raul and Che Guevara Even now when Christina talks about Guevara her eyes take on a smoldering faraway look and her voice grows husky She says Oh Che's such a divine man so wicked and evil

While living it up in Cuba Christina received a phone call from photographer Richard Avedon who had seen her photo in *Town and Country* and wanted to include her in a series of fashion pictures for which Suzy Parker Sophia Loren and other famous beauties had already posed These works of art are now on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art the first time fashion pictures were ever accepted by the museum

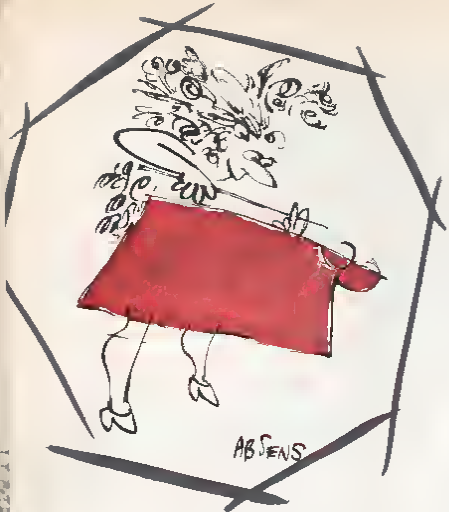
A year later Avedon called Christine again *Realite* Magazine had seen her photo at the museum and wanted a nude of her for its cover

Says Christina They wanted that my nude should appear sculptural almost as if it did not belong to a woman In other words a lifeless nude Although Avedon had never seen me (*Continued on page 66*)



GUYS, DOLLS AND 4 BIDDIES

Just for you Sir!

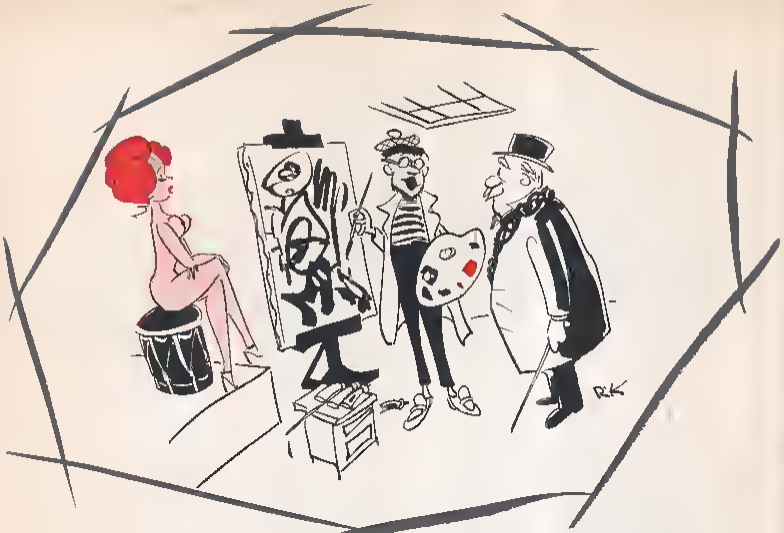




"Just tell me about the guided missiles' Don't show me!"



"You are going to get a mink coat as soon as you discover your husband bought his secretary one"

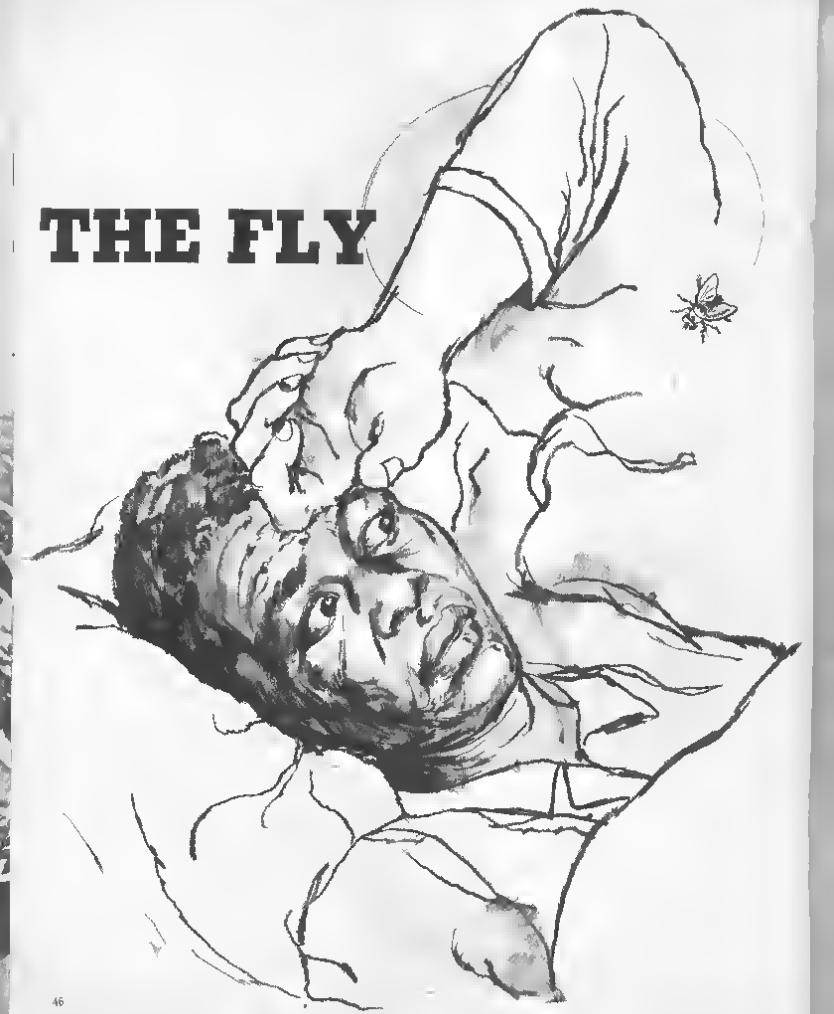


"I paint them the way I see 'em"



"See you tomorrow night baby!"

THE FLY



This true but fantastic story is what happened after mass murderer Joseph Tabarshy promised cellmate Benjamin Reid he would come back to life as a fly

in DEATH ROW



Culombe

By TOM ALLEN

• On the morning of the day he was to die in the electric chair, Benjamin Reid was taken out of his Death Row cell in Connecticut's Wethersfield Prison. His guards led him to a green walled second-floor room in the prison. There, in that crowded room, sat the State Board of Pardons, which would decide whether Benjamin Reid would die, as scheduled at 10:30 p.m.

The hearing lasted for five hours. People whom Reid had never known testified before the board, urging that Reid not be executed. Spokesmen for church groups, the Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Civil Liberties Union appealed for mercy for Benjamin Reid. They pointed out that as a Negro, Reid had been a victim of lifelong prejudice, and as a 24-year-old man with an I.Q. of an 11-year-old child, he was a victim of his own limitations.

As the hearing dragged on Reid fidgeted in his seat. "He kept contorting his mouth and wrinkling his nose," a newspaper reporter later wrote. "He constantly brushed imaginary flies off his face."

At least the flies—or fly—seemed to be imaginary.

The Board of Pardons did commute Reid's sentence to life imprisonment that June day in 1962, so Reid lived to explain the strange circumstances about the fly.

To understand about the fly, one must first be introduced to Joseph Taborsky, a man who had lived twice on Death Row and had killed several times.

Taborsky, a burly, squint-eyed lantern-jawed man sometimes known as The Chin, paid his first visit to Wethersfield's Death Row in June, 1951. He had been sentenced to die for the murder of a liquor store owner during a holdup in West Hartford, Conn. The man who put Taborsky in the shadow of the chair was his own brother Albert.

After pleading guilty to second degree murder for participating in the slaying, Albert testified for the prosecution. He said that Joseph had pulled the trigger and killed the package store owner. Albert insisted that he had only been an accomplice in the holdup.

"He's crazy," Joseph Taborsky said of his younger brother.

For more than four years Joseph Taborsky paced his 9-by-9-foot cell in Death Row. As each new date for his execution neared his lawyers managed to get his rendezvous with death postponed for a new appeal. Each day, for about 20 minutes, Taborsky was let out of his cell to walk up and down the corridor, a guard on



THE FLY in DEATH ROW

either side of him as he took his exercise.

Taborsky's brother, meanwhile, had been transferred to a prison for the criminally insane. Whether under the strain of guilt or because of long-seething psychotic tendencies, Albert had gone mad.

Claiming that their client had been convicted on the testimony of an insane man, Taborsky's lawyers asked for a new trial. The State Supreme Court upheld the plea and ordered a new trial. Without Albert as a witness, the prosecution could not produce enough evidence to try Joseph Taborsky, and he was freed.

In October, 1955 Taborsky walked out of Wethersfield State Prison, the first man in Connecticut history to leave Death Row alive. Taborsky, 29 years old, said he was going to start life all over again. He left Connecticut, drifted to Brooklyn, married a girl there, and got a job as a mover's helper.

Toward the end of 1956 a series of murderous holdups terrorized Connecticut. A gas station attendant here, a store owner there, a customer stopping for gas at a lonely station. Seven persons were killed, most of them Chinese-style—forced to kneel at their assassin's feet to receive a bullet through the back of the head. Miraculously one of the victims survived to tell the police that his killer had been a man with big feet and a prominent chin.

A dragnet was spread for Joseph Taborsky and one of his friends, a hard-eyed Hartford hoodlum named Arthur Culombe. They were arrested together, apparently just before they were about to drive off on a murder spree, for police found they possessed a veritable arsenal of guns and ammunition.

Taborsky and Culombe were put on trial in Hartford Superior Court in 1957. They were charged with only two murders—a gas station attendant and his customer. While their trial was going on in one courtroom, Benjamin Reid was being tried for murder in another courtroom in the same building. Reid was charged with the hammer slaying of a woman in the alleyway of a Hartford parking lot.

All three men were convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to die in the chair. But the chair was to claim only one of them, Joseph Taborsky, the man who had cheated fate once before.

Reid and Taborsky became friends on Death Row. From the time they entered, in the summer of 1957, until the day of Taborsky's execution in May, 1960, they saw each other nearly every day. And it is here, on Death Row, that Benjamin Reid's story of the fly begins. He told his story in *The Bridge*, the newspaper published by the inmates of Wethersfield State Prison.

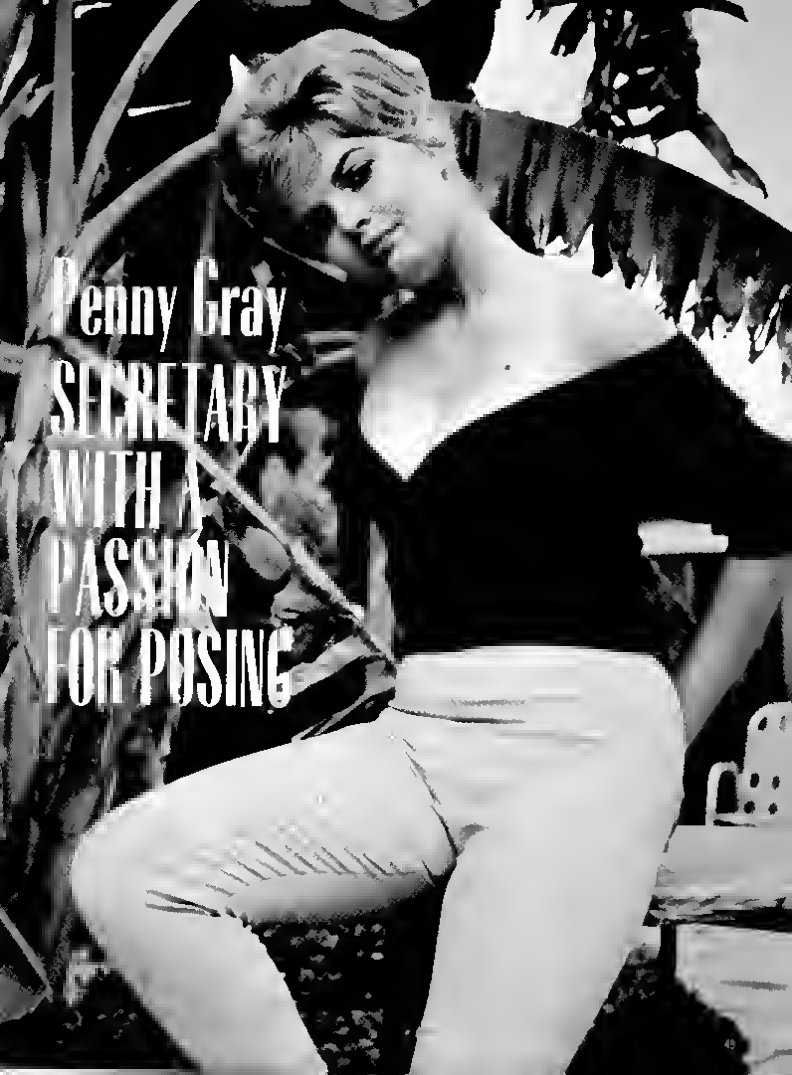
"Most of the years I spent on Death Row," Reid wrote, "were spent in my cell. I got to know there were 439 rivets in the framework of the cell. But mostly I saw that Taborsky was a lot calmer about dying than I was.

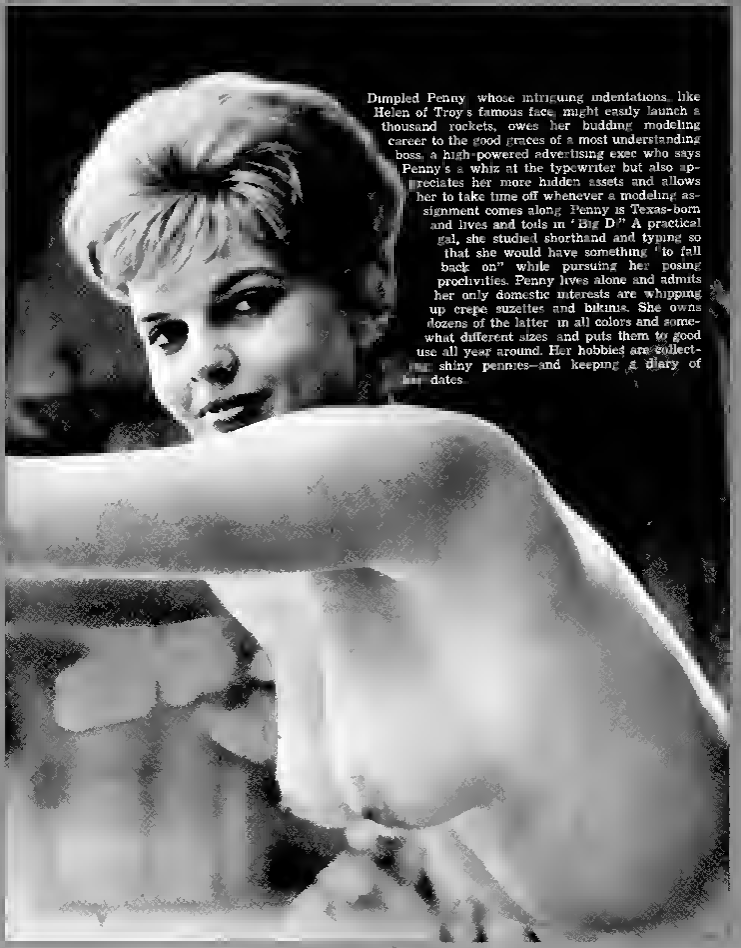
"We were allowed to spend a little time each day in the small yard next to Death Row. Talking isn't allowed on Death Row, but in the yard Taborsky and I got to be friends. We used to play basketball or walk up and down. Taborsky had a great sense of humor.

"It was pretty close to the time he was supposed to die, but he didn't do anything to try to help himself. Then it was the last afternoon and we were in the yard."

Before we get to what Taborsky told Reid in the yard, let me interrupt to report on what two other people had to say about Taborsky on that last day of his life. Dr. Jefferson McAlpine, senior physician at the prison, said Taborsky seemed anxious to die. Dr. McAlpine, who had seen several condemned men virtually dragged to the chair, said of Taborsky's attitude: "The Death Wish, perhaps." And Warden March Richmond said of Taborsky, a few minutes before he was executed: "He seemed to be a man at last at peace with himself."

(Continued on page 67)


Penny Gray
SECRETARY
WITH A
PASSION
FOR POSING



Dumpled Penny whose intriguing indentations, like Helen of Troy's famous face, might easily launch a thousand rockets, owes her budding modeling career to the good graces of a most understanding boss, a high-powered advertising exec who says Penny's a whiz at the typewriter but also appreciates her more hidden assets and allows her to take time off whenever a modeling assignment comes along. Penny is Texas-born and lives and toils in "Big D." A practical gal, she studied shorthand and typing so that she would have something "to fall back on" while pursuing her posing prochivities. Penny lives alone and admits her only domestic interests are whipping up crepe suzettes and bikinis. She owns dozens of the latter in all colors and somewhat different sizes and puts them to good use all year around. Her hobbies are collecting shiny pennies—and keeping a diary of her dates.









MEN and MUD



Tired but determined these future frogmen pause a moment before crawling through more muddy slime during "Hell Week" at Navy Amphibious Base at Coronado Calif

"Hell Week" is a grueling 7 days of mud, mayhem and misery that separates the men from the boys in the Navy's frogman training program





Muddy but these frogmen have a song in their hearts as they finish "Hell Week" Often more than one-half of the candidates wash out during the grueling 7 days

You're over your ears in mud It's thick, black, slimy. It fills your eyes your nose your mouth It grits between your teeth and you spit it out, along with a few well-chosen words

The black stuff oozes under your clothes and into your shoes Some of it dries into a crust in your hair, over your lips and across your forehead

But you keep on, wallowing behind the man ahead of you, trying to ignore your aching gut, weary legs and leaden arms You want to get out of the thick, gooey mire, to rest, catch your breath But you don't, because this is "Hell Week," and you're training to be a Navy frogman

A Navy frogman doesn't quit "Hell Week" is a grueling

(*Continued on page 63*)

MEN and MUD

Frogmen's hell week includes 5-mile runs long underwater swims, rugged exercises and tricky obstacle courses in muddy swamps livened up with real bullets overhead



Covered with mud Gene Willard PH3 USN pauses to eat Frogmen have to be tough and the training makes them so





THE LURE of the NUDE IN WATER



THE LURE of the NUDE IN WATER



• It was Anatole France who remarked in his famous essay in the introduction to the book The Nude in the French Theater—which introduction by the way he entitled On the Sacredness of Nakedness" The sight of the naked young girl on the stage yields me a quality of delirium comparable only to the sensation of a M Dupin into whose aperitif a considerate waiter has dropped a ripe black olive

Well we don t know about aperitifs and olives but we do know that American photographers of the form devine have a predilection for shooting nudes under water in the bathtub under a hose in a swimming pool in a waterfall on the beach sitting in the surf in the surf being clobbered by a wave alongside a yacht being hauled aboard half in and half out of the water in fact anyplace where water is concerned seems to be fair game for nude shooting We know this for a certainty as editors who have viewed countless nudes flowing across our desks And after about twenty years in the business of nude viewing one begins to wonder What s the big attraction for the nude in water?"

One perceptive editor pointed out two salient facts Number one the water affords a neat means of covering up certain unprintable areas of the femme form-divine Number two a lot of the shots show the gals getting plashed drenched and generally knocked around by the water The fellows who take the pictures are afraid to do this to their wives at home so they get

THE LURE of the NUDE IN WATER

a vicarious thrill from seeing the sea sock their nude silly This is something like the baseball fan who yells all kinds of obscenities at the umpire and then meekly goes home to the wife and dutifully resumes his natural role of mouse

We can't buy this last one the entire way All we know is that about one third of all the nude pix shot seem to be taken in water on water in the bathtub under a hose or in some way connected with water And this hasn't anything to do with ripe black olives aperitifs martinis or Anatole France

It's just a plain fact of life THE END









AS SIR! SAID,

BARBRA MAKES IT BIG!

(Continued from page 31)

marriage last spring to Elliot Gould an actor she met while appearing in Wholesale A friend of Barbra s told me they eloped to Rhode Island and were wed in a civil ceremony and that a religious wedding was planned for this fall or winter

"My marriage was not kept a secret she said It was just not publicized It s very personal with me I do not plan a religious ceremony and I was not married in Rhode Island"

On one of her Mike Wallace TV shows Barbra mentioned involvement in a law suit I asked details of this Her answer

I stubbed my toe while swimming once and I m still trying to find out who owns the ocean so I can sue Seriously I really don t know but I m sure my lawyer does

On another Wallace show she talked of liking horses and perfume These two objects being rather unrelated I asked about them

Oh they re related she said In fact I expect to own a perfumed horse someday I prefer men s cologne to women s I find them more earthy and milder but I do wear imported French perfumes and just love them I once used a man s cologne called Clover Hay or Boots n Saddles or something like that

When I find the time I love to ride and I can hardly wait to buy myself one of those English riding habits I would also like to carry out that horsey effect in my personal clothing and I will when I get a chance to make some additional clothes for myself

I also love horse racing and betting Once in Winnipeg I won on all nine races at $2 each just on hunches I wonder what the odds are against that? Astronomical Barbra i Think of it on hunches alone I loved this question about horses and perfume

I seemed to hit a sensitive area when I asked if there was any part of show business she disliked Barbra answered

Yes there is and I hope I m understood when I say It s the show business part of show business that I dislike Not so much the sweaty and hey baby part but some of the phoniness which exudes from the people involved Actors working in a show experience deep emotional situations together and stronger relationships result After all we re trying to prove ourselves and basically it s childish to be an actor It s always wanting to be something you re not I ve always had an eerie feeling being around singers and dancers Like they re unreal

I almost but not quite followed Barbra on this one The answer to my next question which concerned her preference for large or small club work came out more clearly

I prefer larger clubs to the more intimate ones in which most people seem to think I do better But that s not important It s the appeal that a performer transmits to the audience

Sometimes I feel that I am all people and I hope they don t think I m being an intellectual about it because I m not and I don t fancy myself one I think that people who like me sense an awareness on my part of what s happening in the room and in the world I hope they feel that I m more than just a singer that I m a person who thinks and is trying to say something

A perfect example of the awareness Barbra talks about came in the answer to a query about a rendition of Happy Days Are Here Again As most of you know this was Franklin D Roosevelt s campaign song in 1932 a mid depression year which was anything but happy It was a tired lost bravely upbeat song which soon faded from popularity In Barbra s repertoire it emerges with a slow beat and it s almost desperately plaintive

I asked how she had rediscovered the song and how the new arrangement came about She answered

I did the Garry Moore show last year and he has a feature called That Wonderful Year He selects a year and then you do songs and headlines from that year We were going to do the year 1929 (the year Happy Days was first published) Gary spotted the song and thought it would be good for me

During rehearsal Ken Welch the show s music director played it slow so I could get familiar with the lyrics and sort of feel my way into it We both noticed a new quality coming out in the melody and we worked it over into a ballad It was coming out laughing but it wasn t funny

The first time I sang it to a live audience was at the Bon Soir It was the day President Kennedy ordered the Russian ships headed for Cuba to turn back and nobody knew what would happen and everybody was on edge

I was standing there singing that song and I knew the headlines were on everybody s mind and I felt like I was in a bomb shelter singing to frightened civilians during an air raid I ll never forget that night for the rest of my life

I asked finally about her goals how big a career she actually wants She said I want it all the way I want lots of money I want Rolls Royces and all the etceteras that go with it This



"Darling I know how you hate to have me call you at the office, but

concluded our long distance you-ask-her and you-tell-him interview.

I've seen Barbra work, of course. I saw her in "Wholesale" and I saw her at the Bon Soir and at Basin Street, and I've spent enjoyable hours listening to her album. I don't doubt for a minute that Bregman is right when he says she'll be earning more than a million dollars two years from now.

Business managers are usually brought in by stars who have been riding high with no regard for staying solvent. It sometimes takes years for a manager to account for all the spending and straighten out the mess. In Barbra's case no such squandering will take place. She is in a sense incorporated.

All financial transactions take place through Bregman. He receives all her checks and pays all her bills. He pays her staff taxes, rent, cheque accounts and insurance, and he makes her investments. She receives a weekly allowance and must consult her manager on major purchases. It is most likely to be for jewelry or antique furniture. Bregman describes her investments as conservative solid stuff.

Among Barbra's worshipers—they amount to almost a cult—are George Abbott, Truman Capote, Cecil Beaton, Johnny Mercer, Harold Arlen, Clive Revill, Kirby Stone and Audrey Hepburn. The latter sent Barbra a note following a show at Basin Street. It said: "You are more fabulous than you realize. Capote has said. She is unbelievable. She can't do anything wrong."

The compliment from President Kennedy came when she did a command performance at the White House. She inscribed her album cover for JFK and he gave her his signature on a menu.

Critics have compared Barbra to Lena Horne, Judy Garland and Billie Holiday. These are valid enough but there's some Sophie Tucker in her and some Helen Kane too. There are times when her voice becomes thin and even screechy, but it's always true and as poetic as a baby's soft cry.

She was fortunate or smart or perhaps both in the choice of material for her album called simply enough "The Barbra Streisand Album." In addition to "Happy Days" the LP includes "Cry Me a River," "My Honey's Loving Arms," "I'll Tell the Man in the Street," "A Taste of Honey," "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?," "Keepin' Out of Mischief Now," "Much More," "Come to the Supermarket (In Old Peking)" and "A Sleepin' Bee." There's a wide range here and she covers it beautifully.

At this writing Barbra lives in a one-room apartment on upper Third Avenue but she's looking for a spacious place on the West Side. She and her husband saw very little of each other during their first few months of marriage since he was in London with an English version of "On the Town."

As Harold Arlen says on the jacket of her album, "I advise you to watch Barbra Streisand's career. The young lady has a stunning future. Keep listening, keep watching. And please remember I told you so." THE END

MEN AND MUD

(Continued from page 56)

seven days of mayhem, mud and misery that the Navy uses to separate the men from the boys. It comes midway in the training of a frogman. Sometimes as many as half the candidates fail the coveted title of frogman don't make it through this longest week in any man's life.

These unusual photos tell the story of men, mud and misery better than any words could ever describe. They were taken at the Navy Amphibious Base at Coronado, California and show a group of would-be frogmen as they slid and staggered their way through a tricky obstacle course in a muddy swamp. This jaunt had been preceded by a 5 mile run and a long underwater swim and would be followed by half an hour of some of the most rugged calisthenics ever thought up to show what a man is made of.

If a man makes it through Hell Week, he's got the battle half won. But there's still several weeks ahead of him, weeks filled with endurance swimming, countless calisthenics, long cross-country runs and obstacle courses liven-ed up by real bullets flying overhead. And more mud. THE END

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WHAT IS THE J D. SALINGER APPEAL?

(Continued from page 13)

pushers. Those two bits are about as close as Salinger ever comes to eroticism.

As a result of these characteristics in Salinger's work his critics have acened him of failing to come to grips with mature love part of an overall charge that he views the world as a sensitive child rather than a grown-up man.

As far as sex is concerned Salinger has given the answer several places in his books. He says in substance that the kind of deep basic love he is discussing transcends sex and can thus be handled without reference to marital love or to an affair between two adults. But this leaves open the other part of the implied question. By giving the seven Glass children only one successful marriage, or even romance, he is saying in effect that this kind of love seldom works out well at least in their set. And he's never really told us why.

This leads logically to a fact that helps make the story of the Glass family so intriguing—Salinger has barely scratched the surface. He has told us there is much still to be related. Of the seven children we are best acquainted with the deceased Seymour with Buddy, Zooey and Franny. We know a bit about Boo Boo, and very little about the twins. Maybe we'll learn more about Boo Boo later, including the secret of her success in marriage.

The major character among the Glasses is Seymour whom we first met when he committed suicide in one of the Nine Stories. He figures largely in Zooey. Raise High is the story of his wedding day, as related by Buddy. Seymour is Buddy's tortured tribute to him (27 pages are set aside just for a description of Seymour's face).

If one of the major themes of the Glass stories is love the other is religion—not in the sense of conventional church-going which the children all despise but in the highest sense of an interior search for the meaning of life. It is here that Seymour comes in most importantly. As the kindest, the most brilliant and the funniest of the Glasses he has laid down for all of his younger siblings some guideposts for the search toward perfect serenity.

When Franny is having a nervous breakdown she asks to talk to Seymour even though she knows he's dead. When Buddy or Zooey begin to lose their way they find old letters or memos from Seymour to help them along. At the same time the brothers and sisters often complain that Seymour by his teachings has made it all but impossible for them to find satisfaction in the crass commercial hate filled real world.

It can be said then (and has been) that Seymour is a kind of high priest a Christ like figure who represents an ideal the religious ecstasy can strive for but never attain. If the critics generally agree on this point they differ over another one: why did Seymour kill himself? Why should a good kill himself some ask. The various references to his suicide at different points in Salinger's work leave room for doubt about Seymour's motives. Did he shoot himself in despair because he had married a middle-class girl and committed himself to a life to which he couldn't possibly adjust? Or was it an ecstatic happiness—too much for a human being to bear—that made him do it?

The question as we see it is still up in the air. It does seem clear from this vantage point that Seymour has to be dead. Otherwise he could not represent an unattainable, ideal goal. That's for artistic purposes. How to explain his death on the level of the story seems to be a problem Salinger has yet to solve.

That's about all we can say about Seymour here. What about Salinger himself?

Well, we've alluded to his notorious distaste for publicity. We're told that nobody at Little Brown has hard-cover publishers has ever even met him. Nevertheless a few facts emerge.

Jerome David Salinger was born in Manhattan where he grew a majority of his stories are set. Like the Glass children he had a Jewish father and a Christian mother. Unlike them he had no brothers and only one sister. Nor was he a potential Quiz Kid: school tests put his IQ at only 104, just slightly above average. He was a rather difficult child, erratic in his schoolwork but good at dramatics and capable of making himself liked when he felt like it.

Because of his adjustment difficulties in public schools his parents sent him to the private highly-regarded McBurney School in Manhattan when he was 13. He finished out a year and was shipped off to Valley Forge Military Academy in Pennsylvania where he undoubtedly found some of the material for The Catcher in the Rye.

He graduated from Valley Forge in 1936 but not before having composed his first short stories after-hours patting a blanket over his head and illuminating the notebook with a flashlight. He dabbled briefly at New York University in 1937 then went to Europe with his father to learn the latter's ham and cheese importing business. When this proved unsatisfying Salinger tried college again this time at Ursinus with no more success than he had at NYU. Then he enrolled at Columbia University for a short story writing course given by Whit Burnett, editor of *Story* magazine. It was this move that really launched his literary career. He began selling stories to Burnett's magazine and then to the *Saturday Evening Post*. Not the kind of stories he writes now but no mean accomplishment for a fellow barely past 20. He was drafted in 1942 and on weekend passes would sit in a hotel room pounding the typewriter.

Overseas in 1944 Salinger landed in Normandy on D Day with a counterintelligence unit. In Europe he carried a typewriter around in a jeep and on more than one occasion was seen working on stories while shells burst overhead. After the war he married a European woman doctor but that union had broken up by 1946 and he was back in Manhattan once more.

Living with his parents on Park Avenue he spent much of his spare time in Greenwich Village with a great variety of girl friends. He amused himself by inventing fictional personal backgrounds and succeeded in convincing one chick that he was the goalie for the Montreal Canadiens.

While working on The Catcher in the



Ryan," Salinger moved to exurban Westport, Connecticut, long a mecca for writers. But the need for privacy that was to become stronger in later years soon sent him scurrying to an apartment near Third Avenue in Manhattan, so he could finish the book in peace. Not long after that he moved to Cornish, living alone, as Buddy Glass still does, on the side of a hill.

His only social contacts were with the young people he and his characters so revere. He spent a lot of time at teen-aged hangouts in small towns across the Vermont border. A 16 year-old girl he met at one place got the only interview Salinger has ever given to a reporter—for her school paper.

In 1953, at a party in Manchester, Vermont, Salinger met a pretty, dark-haired English born Radcliffe student named Claire Douglas. They were married two years later, and now have two children—Peggy, a precocious 7-year-old, and Matthew, who is nearly 4.

In recent years Salinger, deeply involved in the slow, hard work on the Glass stories, has withdrawn even more from the outside world. He has a few close friends who carefully guard his privacy. He works religiously each day from 8:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. in the little concrete hut with its skylight and fireplace.

The pain of his internal artistic struggle is said to be etched deeply in his face. He has always been a slow writer, and the years have not speeded up his work. On the contrary, Seymour," his most recent story appeared in the *New Yorker* in 1959. Thus, except for brief messages on book jackets, his only published work in the past four years has been a brief letter which the editors of the New York *Post* were pleasantly surprised to receive in December 1959. It was a complaint about the conditions in American prisons.

It may be some time yet before we learn more about Boo Boo Tannenbaum and her successful marriage, and about Seymour and his suicide, and about the rest of the wonderful Glass family. But it should be worth the wait. THE END

NEW NAVY EXPERIMENTS MAY PROLONG YOUR LIFE 1400 YEARS!

(Continued from page 6)

one Rip Van Winkle spaceman may turn to his companion and say, "Well, good night. See you in twenty-five years."

* * *

And now for this month's questions and answers from readers:

Q. When is the final date for any World War II veteran to get a GI loan?—E. H., Chicago, Ill.

A. The GI loan program comes to an end for all World War II veterans on July 25, 1967. For the great majority of World War II veterans it will end sooner than that—the date reached by adding ten years to their date of discharge, plus an additional year for each three months of active service.

* * *

Q. What are the regulations concerning hospitalization for peacetime veterans? I'm not sure whether or not I'm eligible for medical care from the Veterans Administration.—K. C., Atlanta, Ga.

A. Veterans who served only during peacetime must have a service-connected disability in order to qualify for hospitalization. However it is no longer required that the veteran be drawing a pension for such disability. First priority for admission goes to those needing hospitalization because of injuries or diseases incurred or aggravated in line of duty in active service. Next are those requiring hospitalization for diseases or injuries not incurred or aggravated in line of duty who will be admitted as beds are available.

* * *

Q. About two years ago I went to a movie and saw a documentary film about an airplane that I think flew with twice the speed of light. My husband doesn't believe there is such a plane and the more he says there isn't the more I'm sure that's what I saw. Can you settle it? If there isn't a plane like this please break the news gently and please tell me what it was I did see. You're my last hope!—Mrs. H. P., El Monte, Calif.

A. How can I break the news gently? I'm afraid a plane that travels twice the speed of light is still in the realm of science fiction. Current scientific thinking says it's impossible for anything to travel at the speed of light. However, what you probably saw was a film about a plane that travels at twice the speed of sound. This is quite common in today's jet fighter age. This speed in sea-level terms is Mach 2—about 1400 miles per hour. Sorry. Guess this is one time when a wife won't have the last word!

* * *

Q. May the family, wife and children—of a veteran obtain medical care and hospital treatment at a Veterans Administration hospital?—S. F., Phoenix, Ariz.

A. No. Only eligible veterans themselves may be treated in the VA hospital system.

* * *

Q. When my brother died no burial allowance was paid by the Veterans Administration because he didn't have an honorable discharge. We have since had his discharge corrected so that it now meets the VA requirements. Even though it has been more than two years since his death, could I still put in a claim for the burial allowance?—F. W. C., Williamsport, Pa.

A. Yes. There's a new law which provides that where burial allowance wasn't payable at a veteran's death because of the nature of his discharge, if the discharge is corrected after his death the burial allowance may be payable. Claim must be filed within two years from date of correction of the discharge, or by April 2, 1965, whichever is later. The benefit must be applied for by the person who paid the funeral bill.

* * *

Have you a question concerning the military or veterans' benefits? Send it to William K. Krebs, c/TSR, 21 West 26th Street, New York 10, N. Y.


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FEMME FATALE OF THE JET SET

(Continued from page 43)

naked he decided also that only I could have posed for that photo

At his studio to let me feel at ease Avedon did something he had never done before He opened a secret closet and pulled out a few photographs 35 inches by 43 inches in size They were all of very beautiful women many of them well known and all of them completely naked They had all been photographed in the nude without making any tragedy about it But it was not enough I was still frightened You must remember my sheltered background

For two weeks I posed for Avedon with my clothes on I posed in the evenings and during the day at his suggestion I went to the beach so that the sunburn would give to my body a nuance of color that was necessary for the photographs

Finally the day arrived I had taken a half-bottle of Cocoa Cream I was a little tipsy and that helped a great deal With Avedon were also his assistant a hairdresser and two other assistants who would cover me with a linen sheet every five minutes The whole affair lasted four hours Avedon shot about thirty photos which was considered to be few for his technique We passed the whole time talking Only in this manner was it possible to create the atmosphere he wanted an atmosphere that had to signify absence of time and place

The nude of Christina never became a *Realite* cover instead it turned up cropped to the navel on the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* It may have been meant to be "lifeless" but Christina's bare-breasted look caused a minor upheaval in society circles drew a more satisfied reaction from the sophisticates who read *SIR!* and *Playboy* and a few disgruntled comments—from women Said newsmen tnes Robb taking a poke at both *Harper's Bazaar* and Christina in her nationally-syndicated column "*Harper's Bazaar* with its excursion into overexposure has unwittingly proved that not diamonds but clothes are a girl's best friend"

Christina was the envy of many of her friends Some of them called up angrily she says and said their breasts were ten times as beautiful as mine and they asked How dare you sit there and show them?"

In spite of these typically feminine sour grapes busty wasp waisted (18-inch) Christina became an overnight celebrity

At times disarmingly candid Christina has said about herself It's incredible that a person with as little talent as myself can become a public symbol How did it happen? Well to one thing I started off with some advantages When you're born with social position it's just one more thing you don't have to worry about Especially in America where I've discovered, people with money and talent are usually very dissatisfied and they need to look for other gods And what better gods than people with social position or titles?

Whether its her social position breasts or uncanny know-how in getting attention for herself Christina is one of the eighteen highest paid models in the world She has appeared in several movies including 'La Dolce Vita She spent six months under contract to 20th Century Fox and made two very horrible films"

A dilettante Christina dabbles at painting takes dancing lessons with June Taylor (who did the choreography for the Jackie Gleason TV shows) and has written part of a largely autobiographical novel in which she describes a fantastic birthday party she tossed for herself at the Palladium a New York dance palace

Avedon wrote that it had the genius of originality I confirmed this to him when I gave the famous Palladium Party that was called in the newspapers Society Hit By a Bombshell'

"The evening of my birthday nothing of the sort had ever happened in the entire history of New York There were 200 guests and 300 self-invited ones gathered together dancing the most unrestrained rhythms with Negro dancers, women of doubtful reputation and many others Nancy Randolph of the *Daily News* wrote All the guests left their inhibitions at home and went dancing at the Dance-Supermarket Among my guests were Princess Goraya Kim Novak Salvador Dali Joan Fontaine Carroll Baker Zsa Zsa Gam and many others

Avedon calls Christina "a divine discontent "With too much money at her disposal and too much time on her hands the Botticelli like blonde is ever on the prowl for new kicks new thrills and will jet from New York to Acapulco to Palm Beach to Paris to Rome and back again to quench her thirst for something new something different The pace she sets is eagerly followed by less imaginative members of the Jet Set

I guess my problem is that I just do not want to face life as it is she says It would be boring And yet I'm very naive For instance that nude in *Bazaar* it never occured to me that people would judge me for that Oh well at least Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain has forgiven me She said she would be very proud if I would marry her grandson Don Gonzalo de Bourbon If I married Don Gonzalo I could become Queen of Spain

Then considering that Don Gonzalo is only a nephew of the Spanish pretender she added "Of course I would have to kill 25 people Franco would be first then Juan Carlos But first I'd have to marry Don Gonzalo—and then I'd die of boredom!"

At the moment Christina's most constant male admirer is a pampered frisky Pomeranian named Lupino But with a changeable high spirited girl like the contessa who can guess what will happen tomorrow or even tonight? THE END



"One at a time dammit! . . . One at a time!"

BOTTLE OF COKE

(Continued from page 27)

laundry man again tomorrow as usual.

So what? We're living aren't we?

Living? George yon make more than ten thousand a year. Isnt we eant even afford to buy a car even a second-hand one let alone taks the chance of having you try to drive one after you've had a few drinks. Honestly George sometimes t think

Look Mary do us both a favor and don't think. Let me do that. I'm ths brains in this family.

Hers yon ars sir

Thanks waiter

Anything else sir?

Yes come to think of it Jnst an other double bonbon to me. Ths wife and kid got enough for now And bring me a coupls of cigars the best onss about a quarter apiece it you got that kind

Daddy can I have

Look kid yon got snough for now Oh waiter can you make that order on the double quick thank tims. huh?

Quick like a bunny sir

George you're beginning to talk tond And don't retsr to Jimmy as the kid He's one son and his has a name What do yo i think the waiter thinks on anybody sss who nsight trappen to hear you?

What do t eare what he thinks or anytody else in this place for that matter? Ths is just a neighborhood bar and most of ths people in here are little people leading ittls lives as common ordinary clerks or jsiks or what havs yon Why I make more money in one week than most of these

George you're almost shouting! Un tss yon qnist down I'm getting out of hsre right now And I'm taking Jimmy with me And anothsi thing which I don't like one bitts bit is that hss the only child in hers Odsss children his age ais out in the parks or ont riding or something with their fathers and mothsis but ont 5-yssr-otd son has to be in a saloon with his drinking father on a nice Sunday afternoon like this George yen vs got to—

I got to do nothing tor yon or for anybody else now or ever so shut up Just wtso in hstt do yon

Hsre's your order sir

It's about time

What was that you said mustei?

Forgst it to get it forgst it

Okay okay tits torgotten

Now how much do t owe you?

Hers s ths bill sir Jnst thirtssn sixty sir

Yon probably paddsd it bnt taks it ont of this twenty Give me back five and keep ths strangs

Daddy please can t have anothsr bottle of—

Hsre a yonr change sir

Wait just a minnte waiter Wait just a minnte I mst saw a couple of very good friends of mine come in hsre and they're jnst sitting down with their very nice ladies in that corner booth over thsre so yon taks this five spot and give them att a drink on me and yon keep the change which'll be about a buck because I know jnst what they'll be oidsing

"Thank yon sgam sir"

Now what were you trying to say kid?

Daddy can I have anothsr bottle of coke please?

Wslt now let me connt my looss change tn my pocket right hers

George its only fifteen cents

Look kid the jokes on you t guess All I got bttt is a dime

THE END

THE FLY IN DEATH ROW

(Continued from page 49)

tc was a man not only at peace bnt joyist who strotted with Benjamin Reid in the yard that day.

We had walked for a couple of minntes when he tt tsisd to me Reid wiote

Benny Taborsky said do you know what I think they ought to do tonight? I think they should give ms a handfnt of corn to make popcorn when they putt the switch

We walked agam without talking Thsn ss turned to me again

Benny I'm gonna coms back as a fly! He looked at ms and said I mean it don't laugh

I gness t did laugh bnt later that night t didn't laugh I sat in my cett with the earphones on my head thinking tb ths end on the shtt outside my estl Attf centd think about was how he looked when he shook my hand before they took him away

(Editors Note Taborsky was taken to the holding cell next to the execution chamber.)

Abont five hsnrs tster the news eams over the radio that Taborsky had been electrocuted Reid went on t remsmber taying on my bed after the announcement I remember closing my eyss for a tong while Whsn t opened them again theis was a fly watking on ths ceiling I watched it with horiot m my heart I thinnir remembered what Taborsky had said in the afternoon

It was May and flies don't nsnally come ttit tster As the fly flsw to ths wait t didn't know if t thonld talk to it or put my head nnder the pittow Thsn it flew ont of my estt

Befors Taborsky walked to the chair with as one witness desorbed ths shad ow of a smile on his tips he wished good trek to his two Death Row mates Reid and Cnmbrie It was a very snccessiit wish

On Jnne 13 1966 the United States Supreme Court intnd that Cntombe was a mental defect ve whose murder con tsssion had been obtained by unconstitntinal msans His convictnon was set asids Hs was attowed to plead gnilty to second dsgrss nmdsr and was transtsi red from Death Row to a regnlai prison cett where he is now serving a life sentenes

Almost sxactly ons yssr tatsi Reid rot his commntation to tits imprisonmsnt Theres no record to show whether a fly was buzzing around the chamber of ths Snpisms Conit when ths justices saved Cnlombe from the chair Out there ertainty seemsd to be a fly in ths room in Wsthersfield Stats Prison the day Wsid got his rspiive from death Or at least Reid acted as if a fly were there with him

THE END

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